THEATRE MAGAZINE

MAY, 1918

BIG news for the movie fan!

Our next issue will be full of beautiful portraits of motion picture favorites and many fine pictures of scenes in the best of the recent screen releases. Who can deny the importance of the motion picture and the place it has taken in the affections of the public?

In the June issue Mirilo will introduce you to the big film stars of the hour, and foretell about other screen artists who will be the favorites of tomorrow.

In addition Mabel Condon will have much of interest to say regarding the West Coast studios.

Are you up to the minute? Then get the details about the youngest, liveliest and most interesting of the industries—the movies!

BUT there are other splendid features in the next number—articles of literary value and pictures of exquisite beauty relating to the theatre.

Do the young folks want to get acquainted with the theatres before their day? And the older ones—would you like to renew your pleasant theatrical memories? Then read Manager Charles Burnham's "Historic New York Theatres" in the June issue.

ARE the ladies following our sprightly Footlight Fashions department? Keep up with Angelina in her merry adventures and learn all about the clothes and accessories of our actresses.

DO you know that there is a unique institution in this country devoted to the highest ideals of the stage—where the players make their own costumes and paint their own scenery, a theatre where the finest in dramatic literature is presented? Thomas Wood Stevens—you remember his name in connection with the successful Rosemary Pageant?—in his article entitled "The Non-Commercial Theatre" describes the work done at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, as applied to the stage. The pictures alone are a treat!

OSCAR WILDE is assuredly one of the most interesting figures in literature. As a psychological study every incident in his life has unusual appeal. The poet, as is well known, passed his last days in Paris in the greatest poverty. Only a few devoted friends were with him at the end—and even to-day some believe he is not dead, but hiding under an assumed name. Bernard Thornton, an American actor, chanced to be in Paris shortly before Wilde's last illness and a friend took him to call on the one-time celebrated poet. It was a remarkable experience which Mr. Thornton tells in the June issue.

The picture he draws of Wilde is not an especially pleasant one but it has the impress of truth, and will be looked upon as an interesting addition to Wildeian literature.

EDWIN CARTY RANCK has written a "Defense of the Well-Made Play" in the June number—and it's a convincing defense!

Some of the new-fangled dramas produced on Broadway and inflicted on suffering audiences this season bear as much resemblance to real drama as *vers libre* bears to real poetry.

The theatrical attacks of the long-haired men and the short-haired women of Greenwich Village, who write art with a capital and action with a little "a" are aimed at everything but the "new."

Dramatic students and lovers of real drama will be interested in Mr. Ranck's timely and much-needed defense of the well-made play.

NOW is the time when the world is sorely in need of the Muse of Comedy. And what better reflects the fun and laughter of the theatre than the THEATRE MAGAZINE?

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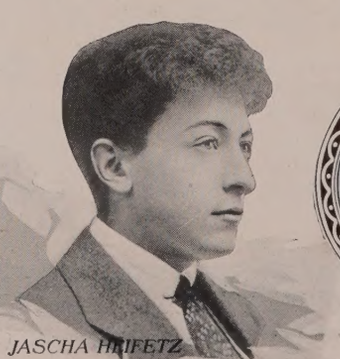

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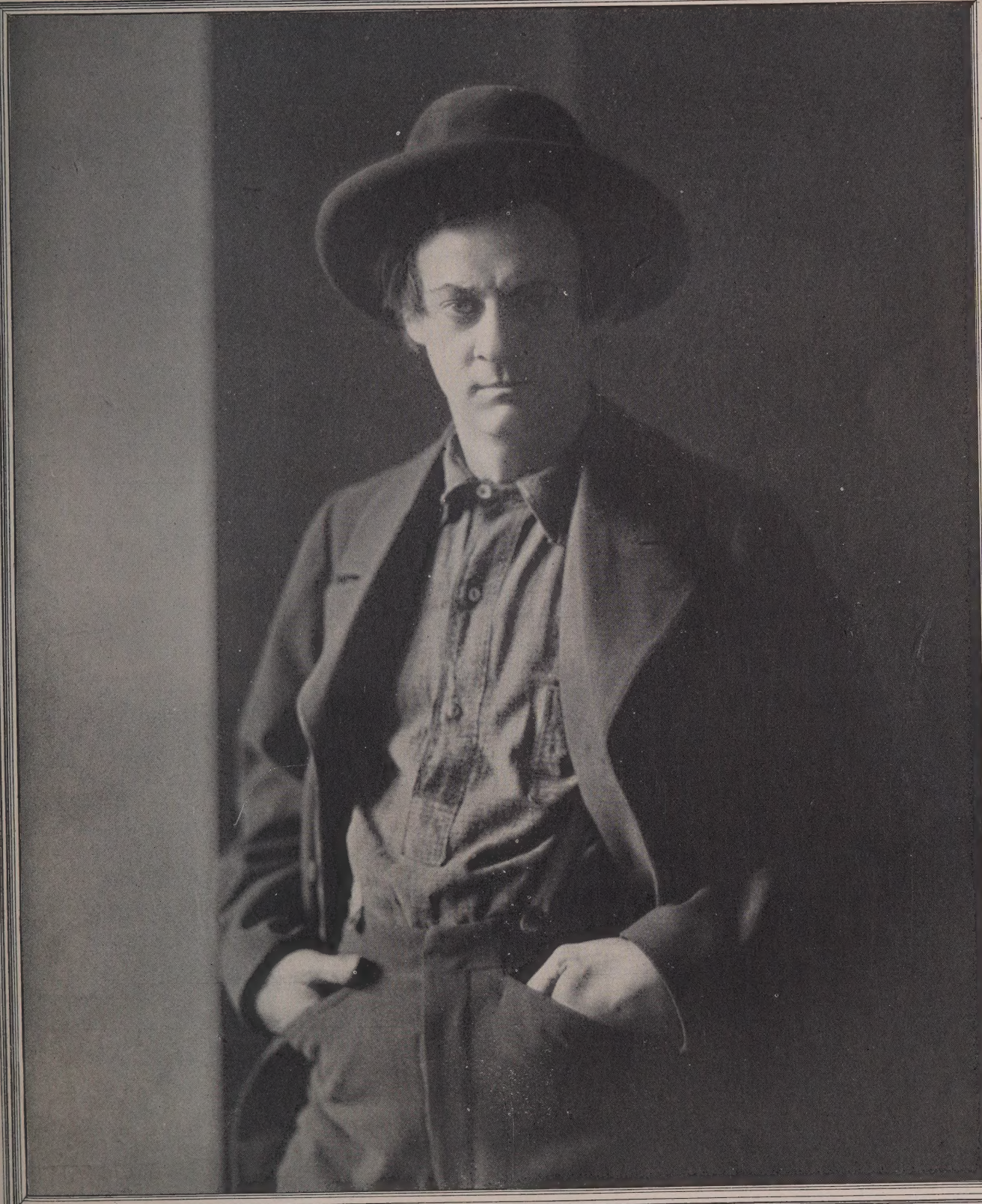


From a portrait copyright by Victor Georg

LIONEL BARRYMORE AS MILT SHANKS IN "THE COPPERHEAD"

WHEN ST. PETER MEETS THE MANAGERS

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

THE awful trumpet blast had sounded. Old Mother Earth, spinning through space for aeons, shook convulsively and slowed down. The stars one by one were extinguished. The sun, rising no longer, left everything in uncanny darkness. A piercing, inconceivable cold crept over the face of the world. The last day had come. Despairing humanity turned to Heaven as its one last hope. Among the millions of shivering mortals lined up before the celestial gates were a number of New York theatre managers, all clamoring loudly for admission. St. Peter, girt with his keys, eyed dubiously this group of prosperous looking men, with their self-satisfied smirk and air of gross materialism.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"New York theatre managers."

St. Peter shook his head.

"Umph! No better recommendation?"

The managers looked at each other indignantly.

"Stop yer kiddin'," blurted out one in his usual suave, polished manner, "as if you hadn't heard of us. Our names are famous the world over. We're all self-made millionaires!"

St. Peter shook his hoary locks.

"Here we know a man only by his deeds. His material prosperity on earth avails him nothing. He must have done some good for his fellowmen before he may enter. What do you ask?"

"Admission," they cried in unison.

ADMISSION?" repeated St. Peter scoffingly. "Did you always grant admission to your theatres to those who asked to enter?"

"To those who had the price—yes."

"What was the price?"

"As much as we could make it—often more."

St. Peter frowned.

"Then you, too, shall pay as much to enter here."

One manager made a gesture of impatience.

"Say, is this a talkfest? My time's worth money. How long are we to be kept waiting?"

"Did you never keep actors and dramatists waiting in your outer offices?"

A picturesque-looking impresario stroked his smooth chin as he murmured sweetly:

"If we didn't make actors wait they'd soon own the show."

His fellow managers guffawed.

St. Peter shook his keys ominously and pointed to a sloping desk on which rested an immense book.

"Enough of such levity! Advance, each of you in turn, and tell what you have done on earth so I may forthwith enter it upon the Record. You, who spoke last, what have you done for your fellow men?"

Coy as on a first night, the manager came reluctantly forward tugging at his curly forelock. Yes, indeed, he had much to be proud of. Had he not put red blood in the drama, had he not created new stars, were not his splendid productions the talk of the stage world? He opened his mouth to speak, but the words would not come. Perplexed, alarmed, he turned to St. Peter who quickly explained:

"You are speechless because you are not truthful. On earth it is easy to camouflage the people, but here only the truth may be told."

Once more the manager opened his mouth and this time he himself seemed changed. His proud manner was gone. He stood like a man exalted and chastened.

I have been given exceptional opportunities to serve art, and yet I have exploited art to achieve my own ends. I have discovered fine actors, but instead of encouraging them to develop their ability, I have kept them playing the same rôle season in and season out for my own profit. I have made theatregoers believe that only the best in the drama appealed to me. The truth is I have produced nothing in which I thought I could not see a dollar. I love art, but money has always had for me a certain charm—"

"Enough!" cried St. Peter. "Enter here you cannot. Next!"

ANOTHER manager advanced, beaming, with the confident air of one who has succeeded in "putting it over."

"Who are you?"

"The manager of 'Toto.'"

St. Peter eyed him severely.

"We've heard of that show—even here. A trifle décolleté I understand."

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

"Can you blame me? I give 'em what they want. They're tired of nice plays—being respectable is kind of dull, don't you think so? They ask for ginger and I give it to 'em. I go the limit. You should see the girls—such pretty, tender little squabs, such handsome, dark-eyed high-steppers! There are all kinds, blondes and brunettes, to please every taste, and they wear practically nothing—the flimsiest kind of X-ray underwear. You should see my corset ballet—really, Peter, old chap, you shouldn't miss that!"

"Silence!" thundered the stern keeper. "How dare you offend our ears with your ribald, salacious chatter? Stand aside!" Then raising his voice he called out: "You other managers. Forward!"

Four more managers stepped out of the ranks. They all started to speak at once, but St. Peter put up his hand.

"It's useless to defend yourselves. You have forfeited all claims here. Under the guise of art, have you not traded shamelessly in the undraped feminine figure? To fill your pockets, have you not corrupted men's souls? Instead of trying to uplift your fellow, have you not pandered to his most bestial instincts and dragged him down further in the mire? With your pyjama farces, your scantily-dressed chorus girls, your leg shows and sordid dramas of the underworld—have you not run the gamut of evil? Hear, then, your doom. As you have seemed to revel in filth on earth, so shall you deal with it here. You are hereby sentenced to manage our garbage department."

A SPRIGHTLY actor-manager skipped forward, his derby hat cocked to one side, his face beaming with the classic grimace. He tried to halt, but from mere force of habit his legs kept dancing.

"Stand still!" commanded St. Peter.

"Sorry, old chap. Don't you know I'm famou for my vitality and the zip I put into everythin

St. Peter shook his head sorrowfully.

"Has the stage sunk as low as that? Ho rible! A recent Broadway production I hear entitled 'Going Up.'" Waving his hand to t winged attendant at the celestial elevator called out: "Cherub, this person is *going down*

A well-known star, grinning inwardly at t fate of his fellow managers, now advanced f of importance.

"Who are you?"

The actor drew himself up stiffly. Frigid he replied:

"Your lack of information is appalling. If y must know, I was one of the first to introdu Britain's most famous dramatist to Americ theatregoers."

St. Peter chuckled.

"Come, now," cried the actor, "you can't t me you never heard of him.

You mean that presumptuous fellow who l the audacity to believe himself the modern Shak speare? That king of self-advertisers, cy without convictions, who argues for the sake arguing, who delights in contradiction mer for the sport of it, a literary mountebank, clever juggler of words, one who scoffs everything men and women hold sacred? If y are the man responsible for introducing him America, should not severe punishment aw you?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated the act

"Precisely," retorted St. Peter.

A FOREIGN-LOOKING gentleman, pr and portly, stepped forward with a po bow.

"I am Signor—*parfaitement*. My opera ho is the envy of the musical world. My art get bigger money and the dear public pays m for its seats than in any other city. I have pr tically a monopoly on the world's total output song-birds. No voice that's worth anything e gets by me—"

"Except a certain sensational coloratura prano," chuckled St. Peter. "Her high n have reached even here. How did you come miss her?"

The impresario looked unhappy. Shrugging shoulders he stammered:

"*Que voulez vous?* My engagements were made. It isn't as easy as it looks—"

"No excuses," interrupted the doorkee "You pretend to give your subscribers the operatic talent procurable. You have no r to compel them to undertake the perilous j ney into the wilds of Lexington Avenue to a voice that rightfully belongs to Broadway. are fined—ten dollars or ten days."

"*Mon Dieu*, it's most inconvenient," lame the director. "All my ready cash has gone thrift stamps. I'll take ten days, if it ple your celestial convenience."

St. Peter looked around.

Any more?

There was no response. One heard not but crashes of distant thunder as the pla falling out of their regular orbits, came in rific collision, and the wails of tthe unfortu managers now undergoing torments they had merly inflicted on their theatre patrons.

MME. NAZIMOVA AS HEDVIG

Amy Veness Nazimova Edward Connelly

Act. II. Ekdal—"Yes—water—want it for something—want to write and the ink has got as thick as porridge."

Act II. Hedvig—"There is so much that is strange about the wild duck.

Dodson Mitchell Amy Veness Nazimova Harry Mestayer Lionel Atwill Lyster Chambers

Act II. Werle—"Excuse me, I think my son is staying here."

White

Lionel Atwill Nazimova Amy Veness Harry Mestayer

Act. II. Hedvig—"No, no, father! Don't leave me!"

Act III. Relling—"She must have pressed the pistol right against her breast and fired."

IBSEN'S "WILD DUCK" ACTED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLISH

MILLIONAIRES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

Some stage favorites whose fabulous earnings go to enrich Uncle Sam

By MORRIS PAUL

THERE was a time when one of the standard jokes of the human race centered around the fact that actors were impecunious and wore threadbare clothes. But that time has passed.

Ask the collector of internal revenue in New York. He knows that several million dollars in income taxes have been added to the coffers of the treasury department through the efforts of the men and women who poke fun at themselves, their audiences and the world in general from the dramatic stage, who pour out tragic utterances and sing operatic arias to the listening thousands.

Of course, there are poor actors, but nowadays even the chorus girls in New York have to pay an income tax if they can spare enough time from their social duties to "sing and dance" a whole season.

The average salary of a chorus girl is about $25 a week. If she appears forty-five weeks she will have to pay a tax on the income of her last five weeks' work, to say nothing of her automobiles, furs and diamonds. But gifts are exempt,—so the collector of internal revenue has informed the fairest of Broadway's choral beauties.

But to revert to more substantial figures—Enrico Caruso, who sings golden notes at the Metropolitan Opera House at the rate of $53 for every half note during a twenty-three weeks' season, has paid the United States $59,000 for the privilege of singing in this country at the rate of $2,500 a night.

DROPPING from the sublime to the grotesque, Charlie Chaplin, according to his most modest press agent, makes three-quarters of a million dollars in the same time that it takes New Year's Day to repeat itself. At this rate Mr. Chaplin was relieved of the pleasure of spending something like $325,000 by the income tax. Douglas Fairbanks is said to have an income of about the same proportions and Mary Pickford, whose income is said to be about half a million, would on that basis pay the Government nearly $200,000.

The five leading theatrical producers of New York are thought to have made about $2,000,000 between them and the collector of internal revenue is the gainer by about three-quarters of a million dollars.

Speculation as to Miss Maude Adams' income has been going up and down Broadway for years, but as yet nobody has guessed it with any degree of certainty. Some say it is about $500,000 and others place it as low as $100,000. But a woman's income is about as difficult to compute as is her age.

Rumor has it that Laurette Taylor and her husband, J. Hartley Manners, who writes her plays for her, between them pay Uncle Sam an income tax in excess of that paid by Mr. Caruso.

And speaking of tenors, John McCormack, who has been making a Spring drive for the Red Cross in order to turn over $100,000 worth of concert receipts to that organization, confesses that he paid the Government more than Mr. Caruso did. Whether the amount is over $75,000 or not he refuses to divulge. But just to make it clear that his interests are with the Allies he has been buying Liberty Bonds. Once he bought $50,000 worth in a single day. One other day he got down as low at $10,000 worth, but he had had a bad week on the road at that time, and couldn't see his way to buying any more.

Nobody seems to know just how much George M. Cohan makes in a year. After he had sold a few hundred thousand copies of his sensational war song, "*Over There*," on his own account, he sold it to a publisher for $25,000 of which the Internal Revenue Buureau got about $3,500 As for the rest of his income tax, only George knows its proportions. He is a playwright, actor, manager, song writer, moving picture star, and about fifteen other things, all combined, to say nothing of being a millionaire.

SOME say that David Warfield makes from a quarter to a half a million dollars a year on the average. Like most actors who always have an interest in the plays in which they are starred, his box-office receipts depend largely upon the public. David Warfield's public is so large that it is impossible to estimate its number with any degree of accuracy, but at any rate the Government probably gets over $100,000 from the money paid at box-offices for admissions to Mr. Warfield's plays in 1917.

Miss Geraldine Farrar manages to make use of her operatic characters in various ways. She is Carmen at the Metropolitan Opera House, in the "movie" theatres and right at home on the phonograph. Between her three arts, she has been able to raise her income tax up into the neighborhood of the hundred thousand mark.

Then there is Fred Stone, who is said to be a financial acrobat, as well as a lasso thrower and comedian. He owns blocks of New York real estate and plays to packed houses in "Jack O' Lantern" at the Globe Theatre. Some say his income is about a hundred thousand a year; others say it is more; but at any rate tax collectors got a handsome sum for his 1917 season.

In a good season Eva Tanguay would make about $50,000 from her vaudeville engagements. She has been having fairly good seasons for years and years, in spite of the fact that she sometimes refuses to appear in New York in defiance of advance notices and salary agreements. Nobody but the tax collectors knows how many of her thousands she has saved, but everybody admits that she has made a good many.

LONG ago E. H. Sothern and his wife, Julia Marlowe, had laid enough by to live comfortably for the rest of their days. But, just to pass away a few weeks pleasantly, Mr. Sothern accepted a "movie" engagement last summer which brought him $150,000 and the internal revenue bureau $31,680.

A man as funny as Frank Tinney ought to make $50,000 in a season. If he came up to expectations in 1917 he had to pay the Government about $6,500 from his salary alone.

John Drew, who gets a "star's interest" in all of the productions which star him, is said to be very well-to-do. He is by no means dependent upon his season's earnings for the privilege of paying a large income tax. His accumulated thousands take care of that.

There is a violinist named Fritz Kreisler, who cancelled an $80,000 tour because of criticism regarding his Austrian birth made things too warm for him on the concert stage. By this cancellation process he relieved himself of the responsibility of paying a $10,000 war tax but he paid the Government a good sum on his income from other sources.

Nearly every first-class pianist or violinist on the concert stage made $50,000 or more during the year of 1917. Josef Hofmann, Harold Bauer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Leopold Godowsky, and a few others in this class had very successful seasons.

Efrem Zimbalist and his wife, Mme. Alma Gluck, together must have paid a $50,000 income tax.

Salaries at the Metropolitan Opera House have paid the Government nearly $100,000 in income taxes. There are about fifteen artists who received in the neighborhood of $30,000 each in 1917, and the top salary is over $100,000.

Miss Anna Wheaton has never missed a performance in "Oh, Boy!" since it opened on February 20, 1917. If she receives a salary of $60 a week (she won't admit that she does) she must have made about $27,000.

ANOTHER financier of the stage is Houdini who can free himself from handcuffs and easily under water as on dry land. In ten weeks at the Hippodrome he made $17,500. Rumor has it that he is a millionaire, but he is as modest about concealing his wealth from the public as he is immodest about hiding an elephant from five thousand spectators every night.

Al Jolson is said to pull down about $3,500 a week at the Winter Garden. At that rate he would make in the neighborhood of $100,000 in a good season on which he would have to pay an income tax of over $16,000.

Rock and White, playing in two theatres at the same time, probably found themselves in the hundred thousand class last year. Lew Fields, who was supposed to get a salary of $1,750 in "Miss 1917," at the Century Theatre is suing the managers of that production for back pay amounting to $35,000. If he gets it he will have to pay the collector of internal revenue over $3,000 of it.

The Barrymore family has added greatly to the tax collectors. Ethel, John and Lionel when working, make about $400,000 between them, and they were not idle much this season.

William Hodge also is a good earner. It has been said that he draws $3,000 weekly from the box-office receipts wherever he appears.

William Collier, also, has a weekly income that is not much lower. In a good season Miss Nora Bayes makes something like $100,000 and Otis Skinner is said to be in about the same financial class.

Mrs. Irene Castle, in 1917, is supposed to have made two or three times that amount through her "movie" activities.

Photos Maurice Goldberg

(Left)

SOPHIE BRASLAU

The young contralto who has become such a favorite with music-lovers and whose interesting portrayal of the title rôle in "Shanewis" at the Metropolitan has brought her well up to the operatic front

(Right)

MARIA BARRIENTOS

The Spanish coloratura whose voice of great purity is continuing to delight operatic audiences by its exquisite delicacy and aristocratic refinement

SONG-BIRDS WHO HAVE GAINED OPERATIC HEIGHTS

Even Dr. Karl Muck, ousted from his position as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra before the season was closed this Spring and interned at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., as a German spy suspect, had to pay the Government an income tax amounting to about $3,000.

If the royalties of playwrights and composers were made public, another large sum would be counted for the internal revenue bureau.

Take Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse who have half a dozen productions playing at the same time each of which brings them in several hundred dollars a week. It has been said that Irving Berlin has made $100,000 a year from his songs.

Nat Goodwin has made and spent as many fortunes as he has had wives.

Billie Burke is very rich and is getting richer every year, thanks to the movies.

Robert Mantell, one of the few actors who ever made money playing Shakespeare, recently found a new Eldorado in filmland.

James K. Hackett is the richest man on the stage—but he inherited it. That, after all, is the easiest way of getting rich.

Other actors and actresses who have amassed great wealth are William Faversham, May Irwin, Clara Kimball Young, Robert Edeson, Maxine Elliott, William Gillette, William H. Crane, Jane Cowl, John Mason, Julian Eltinge, Robert Hilliard and Grace George.

Nowadays almost every leading man who is "starred" gets at least $400 a week and a leading lady gets a hundred more.

Even the children of the stage pay a war tax now. Little Catharine and Jane Lee, both well under ten years of age, draw between them about $25,000 a year.

The collector of internal revenue is almost as glad as the collector of the ten per cent. war tax on theatre tickets, and the public which pays its money, that the theatres are running full blast in spite of the great war.

THEATRE GOSSIP—IN THE SUBWAY

By LEWIS ALLEN

TIME—7:30 P. M.
PLACE—A down-town subway train.
CHARACTERS—Several young women from up Washington Heights way.

"Didjer get the tickets, Sade?"

"Uh-huh. They say it's an awful good show."

"What is it, Molly?"

"Let's Go."

"Sure. Ain't we goin'? But where?"

"Let's Go."

"Listen,——"

"That's the name of the show, silly," explains one of the girls, and there is a general giggling fit.

"Oh, fine. Herman was tellin' me about it. That's the show Black and White is in—"

"My goodness, Molly, that's the name of a brand of booze—you mean Stone and White."

"No I don't, either, Stone is in a show called 'Jack Lamp 'Em.'"

"He is? Then who—"

"I'll bet it's *Rock* and White, they was in vaudeville—"

"Sade got it close enough—Stone's the same as Rock, ain't it? Oh, say, Mrs. Smith was telling about a show—"

There is a bit of whispering here.

"No? Honest? What didjer say the name was?"

"'Mrs. Warren's Concession,' and—"

More whispering. They decide to go the next night.

"I am just dyin' to see 'Lumbago, Limited'—they say there's some of the newest clothes—"

"Huh—clothes—and me selling robes ten hours a day. What I want to see is singing and dancing—something cheerful, like the 'Wild Duck.' I'll bet it's a peach."

"I didn't hear about it, who's playin' in it?"

"Some Russian, I think, by the name of Samover—"

"Sam-over? You're crazy, Molly, that's a thing the Turks make coffee in."

"Some name like that. Say, don't you just love Betty Barrymore?"

"You mean Edith Barrymore—"

"Yes—I meant Edith. She's got a show at the Umpire, called 'Take a Chance'—"

"I'd ruther see Hal Jawson—he's a scream—blacks up, you know."

"Oh, I've seen him, he *is* funny. He's got a new show."

"Oh, what is it?"

"Sinbad."

"Then why don't he get another show? Good gracious anybody can write a show—it only takes a few hours, I read all about it, they say Georgie Cohen used to write a whole show on his cuffs while he was back of the stage waiting for his turn."

"No, 'Sinbad' is the name—"

"'In Bad?' What a funny name—"

"Sin—Bad!" The young lady shouts it.

"It's a wonder it ain't been pinched. Is it like that Miss Whatshername's Depression—?"

"No, it's a sailor show—"

"Aw! You should said so. They say Billie Burke is going on the stage again."

"What's he *been* doin'?"

"'*He*?' Why, Molly, you know *her*—she was in the movies."

"I guess I know—Billie Burke is a man, he must be because I read all about his marryin' a girl named Florence something or other—"

"Then we're thinkin' of different people. This Billie Burke I know has got dimples and is sure a girl.

"Oh, Stell—you'd love to see Foxy Barrymore, Edith Barrymore's husband, I guess—"

"You mean Leon L. Barrymore—"

"Oh—Lionel—that's it—knew it was some animal. He's great. Got a show called 'The Copper,' Kate was saying—I ain't seen it. Didjer read where Julia Elltin is going to quit the stage and movies, too?"

"I should worry—good gracious, I heard her on a talking machine and if I couldn't sing better than she I'll eat the talkin' machine."

"Listen—there's a new show, 'Gettin' Together' just started. I read about it this morning. It's got a real tank in it."

"Who's the star? Annette Kellerman, I betcher—"

"I don't know—probably, if it is a tank."

"Seen any new shows lately, Stell?"

"Oh, my, yes, a lot of 'em. I saw Nat Drew in 'Let's Marry' and Cohen and Harris in 'Tailer Made A Man' and Jane Green in 'I See a Youth' and—"

"Oh, you lucky girl. I'll betcher you didn't pay—"

"No—we got passes. Nathan works for a man who let's 'em put advertising in his store. What you seen?"

"Oh, not much—I saw that D. T. Shan feller in a show called 'The Ace'—or was it 'The Jack'? Sometimes I don't remember. I see so many. It's gone on the road, now, I guess.

"I say 'My Time,' but I go to th' movies so much—"

"What's become of Eddy Fo-ee? He was so funny—"

"Wasn't he arrested for not Hooverizing on families or somethin?"

"No, silly, some old crusty crank thought some of his children was too young to go on the stage."

"I heard a lady telling about a new show. I looked in the paper for it but couldn't find it. The name, she said, was 'Julia Sees Her.'"

"Good titul—I'll bet it'll be a funny show."

An acquaintance enters the car. The four call her name in unison.

"Hello, Ruth—"

Ruth goes over to them to glean a little information.

"Where you girls goin'?"

Sade nudges Molly.

"To hear Farra and Caruso sing."

Ruth stars at them, then grins.

"Oh, I see—goin' to listen to some records."

"We are goin' to the Metropolitan Opera House—"

"Uh huh," grins wise Ruth, "and right on past it to the nearest movie. No, honust, where you girls goin'?"

"To see Stone, I mean Rock and White—"

"Oh," with a disdainful gesture, "vaudeville."

"No, not vawdvill, smarty," explains Sade, "Rock and Stone—I mean White, are in a whole show, 'Let's Go.'"

"I would but I got my ticket."

More giggling, explanations and still more giggling.

"Where you got a ticket to, return trip on the subway?"

"Look—" She flashes some tickets.

"Uh-Huh, cammerflooge—last year's tickets."

No, honust, I'm going to see Mary O'Brien in a show called 'The Little Schoolmarm.'"

"Don't you love to read all about the theatre people? On the stage I mean—what they do off the stage?"

There is a chorus of assent.

"And they're all married to everybody else—and they look so different off the stage, just like anybody else."

"Sure—"

"I heard—"

"Ben told me Douglas Fairbanks was—"

"I heard—"

"Didjer read about Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Depew—"

"You mean Drew—"

"—and Fairbanks won't—"

"I heard—"

Guard: "Times Square!"

Sade: "I betcher Fiftieth Street was nearer."

Guard: "Watcher step!"

Molly: "I heard—"

They exit.

Beth Lydy Harry Benham Billy B. Van

ACT. I. THE MARRIAGE OF THE RAINBOW GIRL

Lenora Novasio Harry Delf

Act II. High life below stairs. The footman and the parlor maid entertain themselves

Beth Lydy Harry Benham

Act III. The lovers quarrel and the Rainbow Girl decides to return to the stage

"THE RAINBOW GIRL" A MUSICAL COMEDY OF MANY HUES

BILLING GRAND OPERA LIKE A CIRCUS

THEY are billing grand opera like a circus. It's an outrage!!"

So wailed the high priests of art when Cleofonte Campanini slammed the door in the face of tradition last summer and began a remarkable advertising campaign for the Chicago Opera. Not only did he use a larger amount of newspaper space than had ever been bought before for a grand opera institution, but he even committed the heresy of using posters on billboards and in windows. Artistic posters, too, and attractive, which made it arch-heresy, for does not everybody know that to make a sin attractive is to make it the more insidious and irresistible?

These striking posters are the work of Francis Cugat, a young Spanish painter whom Mr. Campanini discovered in Chicago two years ago. Cugat came to the general director of the opera asking for permission to paint poster portraits of some of the stars. He had studied at the Academy in Rheims, graduated from the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, had painted portraits in the French capital, in South America and in Cuba before coming to the United States at the age of twenty-two. His object in limning the opera singers was merely to introduce himself to Chicago, and his request was granted. Maestro Campanini was captivated by the young Spaniard's art shown in the first portrait, the initial subject being Rosa Raisa, and immediately gave Cugat a commission to paint poster likenesses of twelve or fifteen other members of his organization. These works, exhibited in many Chicago shop windows, attracted such complimentary attention that this feature was made a regular part of the publicity department. Later, a large number of Cugat's posters were reproduced in lithographed one-sheets and half-sheets, including those of Galli-Curci, Melba, Muratore, Campanini and others, and were used extensively on the Chicago Company's preliminary tour of the Middle West, and in their recent invasions of New York and Boston.

There is a vague idea in the back of many heads that art and efficiency are incompatible. Patrons of art who "take their pleasures sadly" often confuse efficiency with commercialism, and the aspect of business methods being applied to the administration of an artistic institution offends them deeply. The admonition is heard: "Instead of lavishing money on advertising, apply it to the artistic effort." But they overlook the proven fact that dollars spent on publicity bring double-dollars and triple-dollars back through the box-office,—excess receipts which may be used to increase the artistic worth of the organization and take the "De" out of Deficit. When an institution of this sort becomes self-supporting it reaches its healthiest and most fruitful estate.

The advertising campaign in Chicago was carried out by experts for the vulgar purpose of merchandising grand opera tickets, and consequently the advertisements were worded and framed in real department store style, presenting grand opera as a necessity, shown in its most attractive guise with all of the "selling points" deftly brought out. It was also planned so that direct results could be absolutely computed, and that it paid for itself several times over was demonstrated in the advance subscriptions. The same result was apparent in the preliminary tour, which was probably the most successful ever made by such an organization. The same great success of the Chicago offerings in New York and Boston was evidenced in the attendance average.

There are many musicians and dilettanti who seem to assume that the artistic forces of such an enterprise must be contaminated by close relationship with efficiency in the business management. To them art is deserving of a capital "A" only when it is extravagant, improvident and impractical. These two departments have complete autonomy under Mr. Campanini, who believes that excellence in either one is beneficial rather than detrimental to the other.

Those who prate about the lack of dignity in advertising grand opera like a circus overlook the fact that Jenny Lind was brought to America by the greatest of all showmen, P. T. Barnum, and that Col. Mapleson was not only a genius as impresario, but also as press agent.

A "stand" poster showing the director M. Campanini and the different members of his operatic company (inset) Francis Cugat, the artist

From a portrait, copyright, Hixon-Connelly

H A R R Y L A U D E R

Hoot mon! The Scotchman dearest to American hearts is with us again at the Metropolitan Opera House where his humor and personality are putting the prop in propaganda for the War Relief

SMILE AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU

National theatre created by the United States Government to inspire the ideals of the men in the training camps

IT was through the invitation of Major-General Shank, asking the publishers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE to be present at the opening performance of the first Liberty Theatre, built by the Government at Camp Merritt, N. J., that we first came to realize the wonderful work that these theatres can and will accomplish, by way of giving our boys in the training camps, wholesome entertainment.

Uncle Sam is creating a National theatre in his sixteen army training camps.

All the dreams of a theatre of the people devoted to the higher things of the stage have suddenly come true in an unexpected and amazing way.

Within a few weeks the United States owned and conducted sixteen of the biggest theatres in the country, each with a seating capacity of 3,000.

These cantonment theatres Uncle Sam will run to keep up the spirits and inspire the ideals of the men in the training camps. In no other way in the history of the world has such enormous account been taken of the morale of fighting men. According to the lessons learned in France, the morale of an army is its staunchest force in winning battles, the difference between defeat and victory in many great crises.

So Uncle Sam has set about looking after the morale of his soldier boys with all the resources of America at his command, and the result has been the establishment of these great auditoriums for the wholesome amusement, good cheer and recreation of five million men; the "patriotic circuit" of sixteen weeks, to "swing around the circle" of cantonment theatres, whose bookings are to include the selected finest and best and most National in appeal that the American stage can give.

"TURN to the Right" is the first play he has picked. It will be the first play to start the cantonment theatres with a big boom, for it ran 443 performances in New York and 319 performances in Chicago, and is now playing to crowded houses en tour.

It was not by chance that Uncle Sam picked a play of this type. Close to the soil and as simple and homely and American as "The Old Homestead," with a "buck up and win" motive back of it, the play is full of laughter and heart-throbs, Yankee invention, American success, home and Mother!

The play was offered free of all profits or royalties by Messrs. Winchell Smith, John L. Golden and John E. Hazzard. A new and complete organization has been made up especially by the producers, Messrs. Winchell Smith and John L. Golden.

And it is not by chance that Uncle Sam has planned to revive that ancient and honorable institution—the minstrel show, and has selected George M. Cohan, the "Yankee-Doodle Boy," to write a minstrel show, with Sam Harris, and has delegated Messrs. George Cohan, Irving Berlin and Sam Harris as the committee in charge of organizing local talent of the Primrose, Dockstader and Christy quality from the native American material in camp. Uncle Sam means to have not only the best play in America for National appeal, but also the best American minstrel show on record.

Stars of grand opera, lecturers of National repute, musicians, artists are to have opportunity to "do their bit" in the cantonment theatres; while a regular vaudeville program of the finest "acts" on the "big time" circuit will be transferred to the "patriotic circuit" for a sixteen-week season by Mr. Albee. And there will be pictures and photoplays, and star features of the films, as the programs admit.

AND it is not by chance that American music is to be given its share in heartening the boys of the training camps.

General Leonard Wood has carefully organized the full resources of the American training camps, musically, and fine, competent orchestras, the peer of the professional orchestras of the best New York theatres, will furnish the music in the sixteen cantonment theatres. Among the enlisted men are many of the best musicians in the country. And American composers are at work on stirring military marching tunes, on music to help the army on to France and "over the top."

The cantonment theatres involve a stupendous undertaking. Each theatre is a duplicate of every other with some slight variations. The auditorium is of remarkable width, 120 feet, with a seating capacity of between 2,000 and 3,000 all on one floor. In most of the theatres the floor is constructed with an ascending pitch that gives an exceptional line of vision for audiences. Other theatres have balconies to add to their seating capacity.

A working staff is detailed from the enlisted men for each theatre. Technical men and stage hands are chosen, for there are hundreds of men from all departments of the theatre now in the training camps.

One professional stage manager will direct the shows of camp talent, rehearse and put them on.

Five million men of the sixteen army training camps will have been indexed vocationally, as to technical, artistic or mechanical usefulness in the cantonment theatres when the work of organization is complete.

This card index system will also include all data as to transportation, etc., with maps of each locality, railroad schedules, information of baggage transfers and all advices usually furnished touring companies by the management of a local theatre in advance of the show.

THE attractions for the sixteen-week circuit will be as follows:

Four comedies, of which "Turn to the Right" is first.

Four high-type vaudeville shows, which Mr. Albee is providing.

Eight shows of "home talent," including the minstrel show written by George Cohan. Two weeks in each month will be open to contributed talent.

The order of the camps visited has depended on the readiness of the new theatres now being rushed to completion and the transportation efficiency in covering the distances involved.

Standard prices of from twenty-five to fifty cents will be charged at all performances, in the belief that the overwhelming attendance will pay for the enormous expenditure involved, the War Department assuming responsibility for all possible losses.

Even at these prices many of the men are not able to attend the shows. A buck private draws thirty dollars each month. He is in many cases required by law to send home $15.00 to aid in supporting any dependents he may have. His insurance costs seven dollars more. His laundry bills come out of the remaining eight dollars. His carfare, his soap, his candy and tobacco—all small necessities, put holes in what is left.

For this reason Smileage books were invented. These are books of coupons, bought by the public and sent to the men in camp. The coupons are valued at five cents apiece, and are exchangeable at the Liberty theatres for admission and seat tickets. You might not care to send a soldier a dollar. You send its practical equivalent in the Smileage book. At this time these books are of value only in the large National Army and National Guard Camps throughout the country.

As a gift it is most distinctive. It reaches the hand of friendliness and good fellowship clear across the continent. It is usable. It creates pleasure. Every time the soldier exchanges Smileage coupons for tickets to the theatre he renews the bonds of remembrancebrance which tie him to the sender of the book. He goes to the show, in spirit, with the sender. He laughs with him and fastens tightly with that laugh the links in the chain of friendship. For the Smileage book brings warmth to his heart through a chuckle.

UP in Camp Devens I asked a soldier how he felt towards Smileage.

"Well," he said, "I think it is one of the practical things to send a man. I have had four sweaters sent me by friends of my youth. I have received some weird exhibitions of sockery. I have been sent some lovely linen collars, which I cannot use. Of course, sweaters, helmets and mittens are mighty welcome if they are the right size. I gave away my surplus. And candy is fine. It goes in about ten minutes. And smokes are good—and quick to disappear. A Smileage book is a more lasting gift than a smoke—for the show runs for two hours—and you can get into three or four before a book is used up. It's handy, practical and useful."

The cantonment theatres are: Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Ia., Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kan., Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash., Camp Meade, Admiral, Md., Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O., Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., Camp Travis, Fort Sam Houston, Texas., Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., N. Y.

EXTERIOR OF THE LIBERTY THEATRE, CAMP JACKSON, COLUMBIA, S. C.

© Harris & Ewing

Boys with Smileage books line up at the Liberty Theatre, Camp Meade, Annapolis Junction, Md.

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK
Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp activities

The United Bands of Camp Custer in front of the Liberty Theatre, at Battle Creek, Mich.

INTERIOR OF THE LIBERTY THEATRE AT CAMP CUSTER

LIBERTY THEATRES OPEN FROM COAST TO COAST

A REAL SOLDIERS' CHORUS

Atmosphere given patriotic plays by members of Uncle Sam's National Army

By HELEN TEN BROECK

EVER since a well-known star in a well-known play gave winged utterance to a well-known truth, it has been a dramatic axiom that "Nobody loves a fat man."

Equally is it a fixed and cardinal principle of the stage, that everybody loves a uniform. Even a policeman's official "garbage" as the late Charles Frohman humorously phrased it, holds a thrill; and goodness! how we do go crazy when khaki-clad cohorts charge across the stage these days. Even with the oddly shaped and attenuated shanks of the average chorus man inside them, the puttees of the service tramp to victory every time, and when a real soldier wearing the real uniform of a real service comes in sight, how we tingle and quiver with the vibrant surge of pride in the country that stands for the high things that uniform represents.

Harris & Ewing
CAPT. RUPERT HUGHES

I HAVE always maintained that the master psychologist among all American managers, was a tall gentleman from Boston named Henry W. Savage, and that conviction is not at all shaken by the fact that Mr. Savage (he is Colonel Savage, really, but he abhors that title since it is only one of courtesy, bestowed upon him by the sovereign Commonwealth of Massachusetts), has let loose the thunders of applause by placing real members of Uncle Sam's National Army, upon the stage of the George M. Cohan Theatre as the male chorus of "Toot-Toot." Moreover these real soldiers sing a real marching song, to whose strains thousands of our boys are at this moment hiking across the battle-scarred plains of France.

I cannot remember such a first night as that when Col. Savage's enlisted chorus first marched upon the stage in this blasé old New York. The word had whispered itself through the audience that a patriotic thrill was due.

Captain Rupert Hughes, a Plattsburg man, who is a soldier first and a dramatist last and always, was responsible for the play from which the musical piece was taken, and voices murmured from the wings and the walls and even from the proscenium arch where George M. Cohan's star-spangled picture suggested Old Glory, that he had raised a regiment of enlisted boys and trained them in the stirring marching song that everybody is singing, whistling or applauding just now.

AND when that khaki detail drove across the stage, the house rose and roared.

Such an up-standing, out-stepping lot of lads they were, and they wore the uniform like seasoned veterans.

"But why aren't they going 'over the top' instead of singing and doing military stunts on the stage?" questioned many stay-at-home patriots between the acts.

It was a natural question, in view of the fact that American actors, yes and American audiences, too, have been very swift to sneer at the English players and at the French and Italian singers in our midst, and to cry "slacker" at every young man from countries at war who idled across our stage.

It's a question which Captain Hughes answered in a speech before the curtain, announcing the military status of each of these young chaps.

"They are waiting the call to training or to service," said he.

And while the bugles blow, and the drums sound boots and saddles, let us look over the list. It isn't a long one; but it is significant of the spirit in which "Col." Savage has cast the vocal artillery of "Cap." Hughes' play. In the chorus are thirty ardent applicants for places in Uncle Sam's service. Seven flyers twelve in various branches of naval service, including marines and naval air men, and eleven volunteers for the National Army. Donald MacDonald, the leading man of the New York première, has already trooped to the colors and before this article sees the light of print at least four other vacancies will occur through the withdrawal of other soldier laddies to enter training or active service.

That's what gives the battle-song they sing such a "real-thing" flavor. There's the thrill and tinge of truth in it and as the lusty voices of these fighters ring out the tune that has crowded older marching songs out of the ranks of the boys who are facing the German guns on the front in France or Flanders, you feel the weariness and the indomitable grit that turns it into energy in "The Last Long Mile." And if you have blood in your veins, you feel it leap and pulse to the rhythm of the song that has marked time to the tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of feet as our boys marched the last long mile on that path that leads to red, red glory or a grave in the dusk and reek of "no man's land."

WHEN General Foch took over the command of the American troops on the sun-swept battle line "over there" it was this song which Col. Savage captured from Plattsburg that roared out to him the promise that the boys, our homes and our hearts have sent to make the world safe against the Hun, would stand behind their promise to serve the cause through the roar and clash of battle and hold grimly to the fight even to the "last long mile."

That's what the stained and crumpled khaki they wear sings to the audiences at the Cohan Theatre these nights and that is what makes their song so clarion a battle-cry as it rings out from those throats that wait choked with the dust of the march or the reek of battle. The gayest musical comedy of the year has transferred the stirring realism of war to the stage.

White
A SCENE IN "TOOT-TOOT." DEPARTURE OF THE BOYS FOR "OVER THERE"

Photos White Holbrook Blinn

SCENE IN "GETTING TOGETHER," A PROPAGANDA WAR PLAY TOURING THE COUNTRY

LAURA HOPE CREWS AND NORMAN TREVOR IN "A PAIR OF PETTICOATS" AT THE 44TH STREET ROOF

LOWELL SHERMAN AND ALMA TELL IN "THE SQUAB FARM" AT THE BIJOU

RECENT RIALTO OFFERINGS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Gilbert & Bacon

CLARA MOORES

CLARA MOORES, leading woman in "A Cure for Curables," came out of the West. After stock experience in Seattle she went to Boston to play the leading rôle in "Under Cover" and more recently was seen in "Bunker Bean." She has what Broadway is always seeking—beauty

White

ALMA TELL

ALMA TELL, of "The Squab Farm," is a sister of Olive Tell. The Tell sisters are of New York but were educated in England. Metropolitan opportunity offered itself in the form of the innocent among the non-innocents of the Hatton play of motion picture life

GREEK EVANS

GREEK EVANS, who plays Capt. Jones in "Toot-Toot," comes, not from Athens, but from Omaha, Neb. Milwaukee first heard him as a professional singer. Later the Shuberts engaged him for their stock company

GEORGE GAUL

GEORGE GAUL, seen lately in the title rôle in "The Book of Job," received his training with Otis Skinner and the Coburn Players. Playgoers will recall his Wuzir Mansur in "Kismet"

White

CYRIL HARCOURT

CYRIL HARCOURT, the author-actor of "A Pair of Petticoats," owes his skill as a playwright to the two hundred and fifty parts he has played in ten years He began his career as a singer and for three seasons was leading baritone of the Gaiety Theatre of London

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

BIJOU. "THE SQUAB FARM." Comedy in four acts by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on March 13th, with this cast:

Bruce Sanford	Lowell Sherman
Jack Logan	Wm. L. Gibson
Gus (Gloom) Johnson	Harry Davenport
Harry Fox	Chas. M. Seay
Jed Burns	Bert Angeles
"Pinkie" Florsheim	Fred Kaufman
Eddie James	Alfred Dayton
Duke Kenyon	Raymond Bloomer
Randolph Travers	G. Oliver Smith
Dixie De Vere	Julia Bruns
Mary Martin	Vivian Rushmore
Cleo de Montigmy	Ann Austin
"Pop Tracy"	Susanne Willa
Babette La Mar	Florence Doyle
Rea St. John	Dorothy Klewer
Peggy Rogers	Marie Centlivre
Gladys Sinclair	Tallulah Bankhead
Martha Ehrlich	Esther Small
Hortense Hogan	Helen Barnes
Jane Sanford	Jeannette Horton
Virginia Leslie	Alma Tell

WHEN one considers what a tremendous world movie fandom is, it will be strange indeed if this comedy does not reap a substantial harvest. The Hattons have pictured some of the dramatic and comic phases that enter into film life, and theatrically, have turned out a very amusing and effective piece of work.

Its serious side need not too carefully be inquired into. That the impresarios of the pictures are all beasts is wronging many a good man. That there are some fierce abuses to be remedied goes without saying. Bruce Sanford undoubtedly has his true counterpart in real life. In the Hatton theatre he is a well-drawn character—nor could I find his moral rehabilitation farfetched; especially as it apparently didn't last very long. There was not much subtlety displayed in his domestic scenes, but the selfishness, vanity and rapacity of the idols of the screen were laid bare with unflinching realism and rare comic verve.

A raft of people figure in the production. As Sanford, Lowell Sherman does a good piece of sustained and contained acting. The heroine as portrayed by Alma Tell, suggests a young woman with a real sense of delicacy and decency. It was a sincere performance. The hard-plodding, clean members of the community found nice exponents in Harry Davenport and Susanne Willa, while there was sufficient flair to Julia Bruns' rendering of the cat-like leading woman. Raymond Bloomer contributed a veritable creation as the self-centered, good-looking leading man of the films. It is not too much to say that he was delicious.

44TH STREET ROOF. "A PAIR OF PETTICOATS." Comedy in three acts by Cyril Harcourt. Produced on March 18th, with this cast:

General Carew	George Giddens
Sybil Carew	Maud Hanaford
Captain Eric Lowndes, D.S.O.,	Leonard Maude
Dr. Ross	Roy Gordon
Captain, The Earl of Crowsborough, D.S.O.	Cyril Harcourt
Commander Sir Rupert Yeld, R.N.R.,	Norman Trevor
Ferrers	Byron Russell
Thomas	Henry Travers
Mrs. Rockingham	Laura Hope Crews

AN amusing trifle, even if not absolutely effervescent with charm. In fact, when I recall the other actor-authors whose plays I have had to endure of late, I am inclined in my gratitude to rank Mr. Harcourt very high.

An irresponsible gossip-mongering cat brands a young English captain as a *roué*. The young Red Cross nurse who has lately fallen in love with him swallows the slander and sends a friend to retrieve the photograph she has given to the captain, inscribed "with all my love." The photograph is returned, but in the process the cat's fiancé, who has been wavering, alarmed at the ravages of blighted affection, decides to jilt the trouble-maker. Then the truth comes out, and the photograph retriever marries the cat, his heretofore sworn enemy.

Upon this slender thread of plot the author has strung a number of entertaining characters whom he has supplied with bright patter. George Giddens is the irascible superannuated General relegated to sticking on stamps at the War Office, and he makes the characterization a rich blend of humor and pathos. Norman Trevor is as ever ingratiating as the go-between friend. The author plays the scandal-monger's inconstant lover and makes of him a most amusing figure.

The petticoats involved are Laura Hope Crews and Maud Hanaford. The former lends much actuality to the rôle of the self-appointed reformer, while Miss Hanaford is appealing as an over-credulous ingénue.

FRENCH THEATRE. "THE ARMY WITH BANNERS." Comedy in five acts by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced on April 9th, with this cast:

Mary Bliss	Miss Matthison
Julia Manners	Adrienne Morrison
Job Limp	Wallace Erskine
Timothy Hodge	Edmund Gurney
Tommy Trail	Ernest Anderson
Pomeroy Wragg	Walter Kingsford
Dafty	Henry Herbert

COLERIDGE is the only noble man I have ever known," said Wordsworth, loyal to his partner in the crime of the Lyrical Ballads. Coleridge had a very large head, and infinite capacity for talk. Whether you would have enjoyed living with him in Highgate you may determine by reading his literary recollections wherein he puts everything right, including science, morals, art and Shakespeare.

These book-gleaned memories arose from listening to an endless volume of talk on various undramatic matters at the theatre where the playgoer, following custom, expects to see a play. This one was described on the programme as "A Comedy of this Very Day." It was cut into five acts by the author, Charles Rann Kennedy. And now we come to the reason why the name of a vanished poet is dragged into present-day history. Charles Rann Kennedy is said to bear a personal resemblance to Coleridge, a large head, open features, luminous eyes, extreme fluency of speech.

A good deal of his work for the theatre New York has not seen, but it accepted one of the two pieces by him which it did see, "The Servant in the House." That play contained the never-failing situation—the reunion of a long-parted father and daughter. Another situation, the wife's urging her clerical husband not to be a fool and keep his job, was not drama, but the other bit carried it off as such.

In "The Army with Banners" there is no saving bit. Its fluent

speeches dazed a well-meaning and nicely dressed audience who looked in vain for an army. Perhaps Coleridge would have liked it. He wrote a play once himself and got it produced; it bore the significant title "Remorse."

LYRIC. "GETTING TOGETHER." A patriotic play by Major Beith, J. Hartley Manners and Percival Knight. Songs by Lieut. Gitz Rice. Presented on March 18th, with the following cast:

Orrin Palmer	Holbrook Blinn
A Servant	Edwin Taylor
Mrs. Palmer	Blanche Bates
Edward Wadsworth	William Roselle
Warrant Officer	Harrison Brockbank
Lieut. Gitz Rice	Lieut. Gitz Rice
A Retired Bellhop	Harry Blakemore
A Woman	Harriet Sterling
British Sergeant	Sergt. Cormack
British Soldier	Private Charles Francis
A Poilu	Gustave Rolland
Sergeant Atkins	Percival Knight
Santa Claus	Harrison Brockbank
Death	Private Charles Francis
Sergeant Jennings	John Thorne
Britisn Surgeon	Private Charles Francis
Miss Fletcher	Dorothy Knight

THIS military piece, presented under the auspices of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission, and now playing one-week engagements in cities all over the United States, is frankly a bit of war propaganda. A very effective bit it is, too—full of the sort of appeal that must prove irresistible to every male who has in him a spark of manhood.

There is no mincing matters. War is not presented in rosy colors. While there is practically no actual fighting, you get all the gruesome horror of No Man's Land, and the seriousness of it all cannot fail to make a deep impression on even the most selfish and callous.

Yet the piece is not without humor. There is plenty of fun and no end of soul-stirring war songs of which Lieut. Gitz Rice's *"We Stopped Them at the Marne"* is perhaps the most popular. The recruiting scene in the first act where real officers of both branches of the British forces sing songs to the accompaniment of a piano, and make speeches to the crowds of curious bystanders is full of zip and go.

Blanche Bates, who plays the leading feminine rôle, makes an impassioned appeal to the slackers to lend a hand in halting the Hun. Holbrook Blinn plays with sincerity the husband who gains his wife's respect by donning the khaki. There is a superb specimen of a Highlander who plays the bagpipes, and a British sergeant whose bravery has won him the Victoria Cross.

It jars a little to see commissioned officers in uniform singing songs on the stage in the manner of the professional performer, but if their services are actuated only by patriotism and not for personal profit, one's respect for these gallant fellows is increased, for there in the hot glare of the limelight they are doing their bit quite as well as if they were on the firing line.

HUDSON. "NANCY LEE." Play in a prologue and three acts by Eugene Walter and H. Crownin Wilson. Produced on April 9th, with this cast:

Nancy Lee	Charlotte Walker
Mr. Lee	Clarence Handyside
Grace Lee	Rosalie Mathieu
Mrs. Lee	Pauline Duffield
Douglas Wreford	Ralph Kellard
Andrews	Charles MacDonald
Molly Day	Jobyna Howland
Kittie Graham	Charlotte Carter
Ethel Drayton	Judith Voss
Johnny Boland	A. S. Byron
Anthony Weir	Lewis Stone
Alice	Marie Pettes
Mrs. O'Neill	Blanche Moulton
Process Server	David Adler

A PLAY of promises unfulfilled. The prologue, in which Nancy berates her father for forcing her into a loveless marriage with a supposedly rich speculator in order to save the family position, teems with portents of tragedy. Eugenics and alcoholism and the revolt of woman there rear their Gorgon heads.

The first act is first-rate melodrama. Nancy is a parasitical widow. A youth has stolen for her sake, and is on the verge of suicide. His guardian arrives in time to save him and to tell Nancy the unpleasant truth about herself.

In the second act the seeds of comedy sowed by Jobyna Howland and by A. S. Byron, as her millionaire *fiancé*, begin to burgeon. Nancy, aroused, gives her all to save the infatuated youth.

Obviously the play is over, but neither of the authors seems to realize it. A dreary, interminable third act is added. The promised tragedy ends in utter mush.

Naturally the piece is a nondescript. The first half is interesting in the best Walter manner, but grievous is the later deterioration. Suspense is dead at the end of Act II. And the whole affair—in spite of its tense and ominous beginning—proves but a tale of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Charlotte Walker puts feeling into the rôle of the widow, but nobody could make the character a real one. Miss Howland is amusing as the ultra-sophisticated and illiterate lady-parasite. A. S. Byron points the lines of the drunken wastrel. The best of the acting, however, is done by Lewis Stone, as the guardian.

SHAKESPEARE PLAYHOUSE. "JULIUS CAESAR." Presented on March 15th, with this cast:

Brutus	Tyrone Power
Julius Cæsar	Howard Kyle
Cassius	Cyril Keightley
Marc Antony	Walter Hampden
Portia	Alma Kruger
Lucius	Ruth Vivian
First Citizen	Charles Webster
Decius	Ernest Rowan
Cinna	Percival Vivian

A HE group of players who have recently been giving a series of Shakespearean matinées at the Cort, deserve well of the community. Their enterprise is a most praiseworthy one and in face of the present dearth of Shakespeare their advent is welcome as an oasis in the desert of the tawdry and commonplace.

Really notable performances of "Julius Cæsar" were given. The curtain background gave sufficient illusion, even though they did take an unconsionable time to rearrange as the shifting scenes necessitated, but it was in the acting that the serious import of the venture revealed itself. Imagination, intelligence and capacity of interpretation were patent throughout.

Tyrone Power's Brutus is a finely poised impersonation, instinct with dignity and nobility of intent. He is one of the few notable readers of heroic verse now left to the stage. Cyril Keightley, a graduate of the Bensonian school, was the Cassius. Highly modern in elocution and gesture he still indicated the waspish but high resolved conspirator.

Walter Hampden was a spirited Marc Antony and Howard Kyle's Cæsar very accurate in its rounded periods. Splendidly alive and earnest was Charles Webster as the first Citizen. Albert Hanson was sufficiently brusque as Casca while Ernest Rowan was particularly effective in his rendering of Decius. Cinna, the poet, was humorously portrayed by Percival Vivian and there was gentle pathos in the Lucius of Ruth Vivian. Alma Kruger was notably efficient as Portia.

Equally satisfactory in most respects was the production of "Macbeth." Walter Hampden was the murderous thane physically, if not always intellectually. His voice and diction and experience in reading blank verse are valuable assets.

Howard Kyle was also acceptable as Macduff, in spite of a tendency to sing many of the lines. George Gaul deserves a word of praise, too, in his abbreviated rôle of Malcolm.

The acting honors, however, went to Helen Ware, who made Lady Macbeth at first a very sinister, later a very pathetic, and always a convincing figure. Percival Vivian, as the porter, registered a low comedy success with the high school students, who were numerous in the audience. In fact, this audience was prone to laugh even at the wrong moments.

The stage settings were simplicity itself. Anomalies resulted, such as the reading of the "temple-hunting martlet" speech indoors. And it was an exceedingly small feast at which the unspiritual ghost of Banquo made his disconcerting appearance. Aside from such matters, however, and the omission of whole scenes as well as parts of speeches, the players treated the bard with due reverence.

LYRIC. Laurette Taylor in Shakespeare.

A most naive Shakespearean venture was that which Miss Laurette Taylor recently projected in a series of matinées at the Lyric. Ignorant of tradition and so far deprived of seeing any of the big or even lesser stars in the rôles she assumed, she determined nevertheless to play the parts as she felt them without the aid of any outside help.

The initial feature was a scrappy condensation of "The Taming of the Shrew." A picture of radiant youthful beauty in her red wig and gorgeous gown, she nevertheless suggested a child dressed up. The result potently visualized the Tomboy Taylor of Fontaine Fox's Cartoons.

Her Juliet in the balcony scene was pretty and as Americans use the word—cute, but of passionate poetry—just a trace. Jose Ruben read correctly Romeo's line, but it was a pallid picture of the scion of the house of Montagne that he painted.

Two scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" brought the bill to a close. O. P. Heggie was a sound but uninspired Shylock, Lynn Fontanne a capital Nerissa and Leonard Mudie a picturesque Bassanio.

Everyone is familiar with Miss Taylor's tricks of speech. Effective as they are in the Pegs and Jennies they do not lend themselves to a nice interpretation of the Shakespearean iambic. The result was an utter destruction of the rhythm and interpreted hiatuses that successfully spoiled the musical illusion.

It is a most worthy ambition to want to play Shakespeare—but if Miss Taylor is to take up seriously that phase of her art she owes it to herself to study diligently under competent teachers before essaying such parts again. The traditions left by Rehan, Modjeska and Marlowe cannot be ignored.

PLYMOUTH. "Hedda Gabler." Play in four acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced on April 8th, with this cast:

George Tesman	Lionel Atwill
Hedda Tesman	Mme. Nazimova
Judge Brack	Charles Bryant
Mrs. Elvsted	Nila Mac
Juliana Tesman	Lizzie Hudson Collier
Eilert Loveberg	George Probert
Berta	Charity Finney

HEDDA GABLER, except as a curious study of exceptional perversity in character or as the product of a perverted structure of society, local and not universal, is the most repellant character in Ibsen's collection of unhappy mortals.

For the edification of the public she has no value, particularly not to this public, to which she is absolutely foreign, along with every incident and every circumstance and every other character in the play to which she gives her name, as sometimes in medicine a name is given to a disease.

Of course, people will go to see the play. They will want to see Nazimova in it. Purely as a personal matter we wish her prosperity in her performances at the Plymouth Theatre. She plays the part in her own way, and Hedda is more repellant than ever.

Mme. Nazimova's performance, no doubt, is consistent and worked out in accordance with her own artistic ideas; but the other characters in the play are disproportionately reduced. Lionel Atwill, as Tesman, held his own, awkward and simple, but with little about him that told of the scholar and the bookworm. Still, he was a relief.

There was a very capable company including Lizzie Hudson Collier, as the Aunt, Miss Nila Mac, as Mrs. Elvested, Charles Bryant, as Judge Brack, and George Probert, as Eilert Lovberg.

The production—in stage setting—and the performance in stage management, in almost every detail, are distinctly different from any other that has been seen in New York. This alone gives it a touch of novelty.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "April." Comedy by Hubert Osborne. Produced on April 8th, with this cast:

Nancy Bowers	Pauline Lord
John Bowers	Mitchell Harris
Jack	Jay Strong
Nan	Margalo Gillmore
Mr. Perry	Burr Caruth
"Granny"	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Alice Perkins	Julie Herne
Michael	Gordon Morris
Her Husband's Wife	Francesca Rotoli
Strange Gentleman	Charles Hopkins
Richard Pemberton	Alphonz Ethier
Dick	France Bendtsen
Lord Archie Douglas	Charles Meredith

THE playgoer who sits through a performance of "April" and doesn't go home resolved ever afterward to shun riches as he would the smallpox is indeed a hopeless reprobate.

It appears that Pauline Lord was very happy as a poor man's wife and the mother of two loving youngsters, but, alas, she didn't know it. So she dreamed she had married the money-maker instead, and what a dreadful life the poor girl did lead! She sat in a stiff, high chair, was very uncomfortable in a tiara, was scolded by her profligate son because she didn't know how to talk to the servants, and was deserted on Christmas Eve by her husband in favor of Another Woman.

Obviously it was a very bad dream. And it was a relief when Charles Hopkins, as incarnate Memory, led the lady back to her poor but happy home.

The acting was for the most part better than the play. Miss Lord made the central figure pathetic and appealing. Mrs. Jacques Martin again proved that she is the most winsome of the stage's elderly ladies.

Julie Herne and a quartette of juveniles also deserve mention.

"April" is another "Yes or No." Its attraction lies solely in its incident and episode. They are rarely dull. In other words, 'tis a poor, ill-favored thing; yet "April" serves to pass away the customers' time rather pleasantly at that.

HENRY MILLER'S. "The Fountain of Youth." Comedy in three acts by Louis Evan Shipman. Produced on April 1st, with this cast:

Gerald Place	Henry Miller
Langdon Train	Frank Kemble Cooper
Jack Forsythe	Robert Ames
Kenneth Guile	C. Leslie Austen
Harrison Healey	Frank Sylvester
Crockett	Lewis Sealey
Mrs. Forsythe	Lucile Watson
Mrs. Lupin	Hilda Spong
Hilda Forsythe	Lillian Kemble Cooper
Elizabeth Crichton	Olive Tell

HENRY MILLER'S new little theatre is a charming addition to our growing collection of pill-box playhouses. I wish I could say something pleasant about the opening piece, but it affords scant opportunity. Mr. Miller chose it, I suppose, because he thought it would give him a part as a middle-aged hero in a light comedy. So much it does, but little more.

A gentleman, aged forty-seven, desires—humanly enough—to renew his youth. His method is to produce one of those plays that is so good no manager will touch it. Of course the play makes a tremendous hit. Meanwhile, one of the "angel's" partners—Miss Olive Tell, to be accurate—falls in love with him, misunderstands him, makes up with him—and they clinch.

All the rest of a brief evening is words, words, words. A few rare flashes of cleverness and innumerable dull imitations of it. The bright spots are chiefly supplied when the somewhat satirically drawn theatrical manager breezes on. He is scarcely illiterate enough, however, for that verisimilitude over which he puzzles.

Mr. Miller is his old self as the youth-hunter. Miss Tell is quite lovely in a preposterously sentimental rôle. Frank Sylvester makes good fun with the manager's part. The rest of the company—especially Frank Kemble Cooper—is much superior to its material.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD." Pastoral comedy in two acts by Maurice Hewlett; version by H. Granville Barker; incidental music by Franke Harling. Produced on March 18th, with this cast:

Geron	Joseph Macaulay
Neanias	Sydney Carlyle
Balkis	Grace Henderson
Teucer	Everett Glass
Mopsus	Edwin Strawbridge
Sphorx	Harold Meltzer
Merla	Margaret Fareleigh
Aglae	Fania Marinoff
Erotion	Ruth Boyd
Sitys	Janet Brownell
Geerna	Hazel Sands
Dryas	Anita Day
Adora	Helen Robbins
Phoeno	Mary Pyne
Pan	Frank Conroy

THIS is a pastoral idyll of great beauty written with vigor and poetical intuition. But as drama it cannot but prove caviare to the general. Its mood is too limited for universal appreciation. It is not understood. By that I mean its finer flights of fancy elude. But it was a worthy experiment and the production scenically suits the eye and tunes itself to a proper understanding of its charm.

Mr. Harling's brief musical accompaniment is admirable in its appropriate delicacy and suggestive illumination. Joseph Macauley is wholly satisfying as the old Shepherd, and Aglae, the dryad, released by love and sacrifice from the domination of Pan, finds a happy exponent in Fania Marinoff whose pantomime is of a high order of revelatory expression. Sidney Carlyle is the young Shepherd and Margaret Fareleigh the country girl who loves him. I liked her performance immensely for its unstudied sincerity. Frank Conroy, I thought, missed the devilish joy of life that Pan should express nor did I care for the very modern mother contributed by Grace Henderson.

CASINO. "AN AMERICAN ACE." Melodrama in four acts by Lincoln J. Carter. Produced on April 2nd, with this cast:

Mrs. Darrow	Camilla Crume
Kate Darrow	Edna Leslie
George Darrow	Joseph McManus
Philip Drake	James L Crane
Colonel Frank Stace	Robert Fischer
Harry Whitmer	James Dyrenforth
Doctor Mueller	Claude H. Cooper
Rose Matern	Sue MacManamy
Mr. Noe	Frank Harriman
Claudius Noe	Marcy Breuer
Victor Belois	Richard Barrows
Mariel Dandoy	Marion Coakley
Monsieur Dandoy	Harry Jackson

AN AMERICAN ACE" is a melodrama of dummies. Dummy American doughboys march down Fifth Avenue. Dummy motorcycles are pushed through the streets of Belgium. A dummy German soldier climbs a belfry and gets properly cracked over his *dumkopf* for it. There are a lot of other dummies connected with the affair—on both sides of the footlights but space limitations forbid that I should mention them all.

A good melodrama is a joy forever; but "An American Ace" is not. The acting is in all respects adequate to the material. Best of all the unconscious comedians was a sergeant who saluted with his hand under the brim of his hat. Mr. Woods has announced Henry Kistemaecker's fine war play, "A Night at the Front." It ought to have the right of way over Lincoln J. Carter's *chef-d'oeuvre*.

EMPIRE. AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS. For the eighth performance of the students, "The Newly-Married Couple" of Bjornson and "La Souveraine," by the Belgian Vanzype were presented. Both pieces deal with the violent efforts of young neurotics to stay married. In the first play the young husband carefully pronounced "essential" as if it were spelled with a "u" instead of an "i." For that matter the father pronounced the "a" long in "ay," and the wife's friend insisted lovingly on the "t" in "often."

Much better work was done in "La Souveraine," notably by Clare Eames (a niece of the celebrated Emma) whose voice—barring a slight nasal quality—whose bearing, manner and ability to express simple emotions in a life-like way combine with a generally pleasing personality to mark her as an actress of unusual promise.

The acting honors were shared by Ian Keith in a well-sketched and consistent portrait of the rationalistic and effeminate husband whose views were so race-suicidal that Miss Eames, who was decidedly Rooseveltian in her notions, couldn't stand it any longer. Mann E. Holiner gave a sincere performance as the young woman's outraged father. Marian Hinckley rang true as an old-fashioned wife and mother.

THE OTHER PLAYERS. The Other Players, who have recently occupied the Provincetown Theatre, begin with "a duologue in bisque" wherein two figures seated *dos-à-dos* palliate the monotony of such an existence with considerable chatter.

Next comes "Jack's House"—an extremely futurist house, comprising one room—described as a "melopoem." Fantastic chords emanate from the piano while Jack and his Jill in grotesque pantomime and Ezra Pound verse indicate that they are a queer, poverty-stricken and amiable pair.

Rihani, an agile and engaging fantastic, is Jack. She is also a "static dancer," as the next scene discloses. It might better be called merely sessile, for the lady squats on a couch throughout. Her legs are mostly motionless, but from the waist up—to Grieg music from the phonograph—she indulges in such evening exercises with torso, arms, shoulders, fingers and hair as would speedily reduce even the stoutest of our prima donne.

I hasten to add that Rihani's "dancing" is extraordinarily interesting. As "The Slave" she raises divan-posturing to a fine art.

(*Continued on page* 316)

Photos White

Mary Shaw Robert Strange Arthur Hohl Saxon Kling Diantha Pattison Samuel Jaffe

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN SHAW'S "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION"

Rose Kessner Billy Kent

THE GREEK GIRL NUMBER IN "TOOT-TOOT" AT THE COHAN THEATRE

AMONG THE PASSING SHOWS

THE ART OF MINSTRELSY

To-day audiences want girls and music back of the old time show but the black-faced comedian is still a favorite

By AL JOLSON

ONE of the chief delights of appearing in "black-face" is that when you go about your natural haunts you are not pointed out by chance passersby as "Oh, there goes Al Jolson!"—and another asset is that it is possible to enter into conversation with a stranger and discuss one's work without letting the stranger know that one of the parties of the conversation is the individual under fire.

Naturally, this does not happen often—it has only happened to me once in my life—and with humble apologies, I quote the solitary incident at the beginning of this article, for as it happened, the man who talked with me gave a very good summary of modern-day minstrelsy.

We were leaving a Mid-Western town where "Robinson Crusoe" had played the night before, and I was sitting all in a heap in the smoker of the Pullman, when a chap with a brown suit and derby came sauntering in. He wanted to talk—it was very evident—and he started by asking for a match. I gave him the match.

"Traveling?" he asked presently.

"Yep."

"I'm in underwear."

"Yes?"

"Yes,—had a good season, too. Sold the biggest order I ever got out of Saginaw yesterday. Say, you weren't there yesterday, were you?"

"Yes."

"I didn't notice you on the platform—I guess I was looking at the show people. Did you see the show last night?"

"Yes."

"Great, wasn't it? You know, I've seen that fellow Jolson a couple of dozen times. It isn't that I'm so crazy about him, but I do fall for that nigger minstrel."

I sort of sat up and noticed him.

FUNNY there aren't more minstrel shows. People all seem to like them, yet they never play in the really big cities." It may have been a dirty trick to lead him on, but I was guilty.

"I know," he hastened to enlighten me. "But you see, the trouble is that the novelty of the old minstrel show is gone. I understand that fellow Jolson used to be a minstrel, but even with his popularity, he couldn't play in big cities without a regular girl and music show back of him. No, sir!" he slapped his knee, "Let me tell you that they could put out a modern minstrel show with some good-looking girls for the interlocutors, and a lot of funny fellows in black faces for the end men, but they will never be able to run an old-fashioned all-man minstrel show and get away with it in the big towns."

He went on,—comparing the various black-face actors,—telling why he liked one and didn't like another, and I'm thankful that he got off before one of the company gave the snap away. When he said good-bye, he advised me to see myself, and I promised that I would—and I also made note of the fact that although he would probably not set himself up as a critic, he had given the real reason for the decline of the negro minstrels which were so very popular twenty years ago.

Here are some plain facts about the 1918 minstrel.

He must know types of people. He must be a student of the current news. He must be a good impromptu speaker. A great many people ask every minstrel to buy darky jokes which they feel should prove laughable. They are confusing the modern minstrel with the old-time worker in black-face. The modern minstrel goes out before an audience, and just as any other impromptu entertainer he finds his story. Of course, there is a routine to be followed, and often a good story will be kept for weeks, but learning a set of stories intended to last a season is out of the question. The minstrel has to get his laugh quickly, and I personally believe that an audience likes to think—to be given a subtle hint and arrive at the conclusion of a story without a lengthy explanation.

OF course, exaggeration plays a large part in the laugh, and it is often ridiculous to watch the faces of an audience when they realize that they have laughed at some particularly shallow quip. The people on the stage can always be made the object of "kidding," and it is a striking fact that when a black-faced comedian is joking at the expense of the women of the company, the audience likes to feel that he is a white man. Personally, I always take off my gloves when doing such an act, and I find that there is a more friendly spirit shown me.

Of course, there are nights when the minstrel does not feel as mentally brilliant as on other occasions, and for these nights there must be a set of good stories that can be brought into play. And occasionally an audience will be "cold."

You cannot produce a successful production intended primarily to amuse, unless there are girls in the company! This is true of minstrelsy and every other type of show.

People like the darky character just as much as they ever did—only they don't want too much of him!

THE minstrel of to-day only suggests the negro character. Half of the men who appear in black faces only talk in dialect when they have some special story to tell. Their songs are of Dixie, but they use a Broadway accent. The old-fashioned darky was not a subtle creature—he was simple—almost childish—and I defy any man or woman to go out on the Winter Garden runway and be simple. They would not last five minutes. We are the most sophisticated nation on the face of the earth—we are the best educated nation on the face of the earth—and we need entertainment that keeps apace with our own lives. If some of the men who were famous thirty years ago for their negro characterizations were to appear to-day, they would be absolutely misunderstood, save in some of the rural districts of the South, where conditions have not changed so markedly from Civil War days.

Perhaps, before going further in the topic of modern-day minstrelsy, it would be just as well to tell something about the minstrels of the past and their art. Of course, the word minstrel goes back to the wandering singers of the middle ages who were the real historians of their time. They, however, do not concern us—we are thinking of several hundred years later.

There is a similarity, however, between the old-time minstrel and the negro minstrel, inasmuch as both were used to please the lord of the manor. The plantations of one hundred years ago were miles apart, and when, at the end of some day spent in the fields, the master wanted enjoyment, he sent round to the negro quarters for the best talent he had—for the slave who could sing, and the slave who could dance. When he gave a party, it was the slaves who played the dance music that entertained his guests. Gradually, the entertaining abilties of the slaves became one of the chief assets of the master, and as there spread through the country the fact that the negroes with their songs and dances were the best entertainers of the South, white men began to realize that by imitating these slaves, they could give profitable entertainments.

The first record of negro minstrels given by white men is about 1830. The middle man and the end man were characteristic of the first minstrel entertainments, and there were, of course, none of the spectacular dressing and staging that were known a few years ago, and still are part of the present-day minstrel shows. Thomas D. Rice (Jim Crow Rice) was one of the first white men to gain fame with his blackened face and hands, and his perfect negro dialect, while in 1842 "The Four Virginia Minstrels," a famous organization, was formed. Of this band, Daniel Emmett, the composer of *"Dixie,"* was the most prominent entertainer. The same year, E. P. Christy started his minstrel organization, and for nearly half a century, Christy's minstrels were popular both in the United States and in England.

AFTER these came other organizations, of which Primrose and Dockstader were perhaps the best known—though there were an number of famous companies. These organizations were never contented with an interlocuto and an end man—they needed half a dozen en men, and a quantity of specialty men. They use elaborate scenic and lighting effects.

And when this novelty was gone, the nigge minstrels seemed to disappear from their plac on the American stage. There are some bi organizations playing to-day—and making bi money—but they do not play the big cities—seldom appearing for more than a two- or three night stand.

Unless my memory is wrong, the last minstre show played Broadway ten years ago.

My own introduction into the world of min strelsy came about through an odd happening I was playing in a Brooklyn vaudeville hous when the manager of a small circuit came be hind the scenes and told me that if I woul black up and do negro songs and dialect, h would give me five weeks of booking. I assure him that I was quite willing to do anythin that meant work, and continued as a black-fac

Johnston

JULIA BRUNS

The Dixie De Vere of "The Squab Farm," the Hattons' new comedy at the Bijou, is a St. Louis girl known here and in London for her beauty

Fairchild

ELIZABETH RISDON

Who plays Lady Mary Heather in "Seven Days Leave," the thrilling military melodrama at the Park

Beidler

IRENE BORDONI

Continues to lend Raymond Hitchcock capable support in "Hitchy-Koo" on tour

Fairchild

IVY TROUTMAN

"Over there" with the Winthrop Ames Company acting and cheering up the boys in service

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

vaudevillian, until I was offered a chance to join Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. With this king of the burnt cork, I learned all that there was to know about the black-faced game—that is, all that was necessary to be a good "nigger minstrel."

At the end of my second season with Dockstader, I began to understand why it was that we did not go into big cities and play indefinite engagements. I saw that the people were getting tired of minstrels in the old-fashioned sense of the word. They still loved the negro character—they liked to hear songs of Dixie and good stories, but they wanted something else. What was it? It took some little time to answer that question, but when I had about made up my mind what would constitute modern minstrelsy, I decided to try it out.

To begin with, I left the minstrel show and planted myself in a position where the acts about me would be a variety. I figured that the greatest asset to the theatre was a beautiful woman of talent for either singing, dancing or dramatic acting. As no minstrel ever played in an emotional drama, I looked for the background of singing and dancing ladies—and chose vaudeville first—and later the Winter Garden.

There are a number of points in which the modern minstrel differs greatly from the men who made the word famous. Perhaps the most striking point is that the negro dialect is seldom used, and it is possible to hear a man in black-face telling a story in Jewish or Italian dialect. The songs are sure to include Southern melodies—but the topical note must be there. The stories are altogether different. Of course, much of the work done by any entertainer is impromptu. After you have been in the habit of standing close to the footlights and making an audience laugh, your mind becomes so acute to any change, any difference in the personality of the audience, that you can get a new story almost every night. Sometimes you cannot tell the story on the night you think of it—but it plants itself for future use.

So the modern minstrel must be impromptu.

There are really two interlocutors in the modern art of minstrelsy—one the players surrounding the black-faced comedian, the other the audience. The day of the interlocutor asking a question and being answered is gone—the end man does it all, and if there are an questions, they are made to fit the dialogue, o else come in the form of silence from th audience.

It is not as easy to write material for th modern minstrel as it was in the olden day The stories should have a strictly current note- or perhaps must is a better word—and th songs contain a strain of the old plantatio melodies.

The minstrel of 1918 is a vastly differer fellow from his old-time friend. In other day the audience liked to think that they were ac tually seeing a negro, but the modern audienc likes to know that the fellow who is gettin the laughs is white—and in some small town especially through the South, I have felt th unfriendliness of an audience disappear at onc when I removed my gloves and showed my whit hands. I do not feel that the minstrel of yes terday will ever come back to his old place i the theatrical world. Sophistication demands fellow more in keeping with 1918—and as th people who are sophisticated are also the peop who buy theatre seats, minstrelsy bows to the wishes.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK

SCENE: *A Manager's office somewhere in Broadway. As the curtain rises, the MANAGER, a large portly man of cherubic visage is discovered. He is disguised as a High Brow, but this camouflage is easily perforated because he smokes a huge black cigar—the kind that every COMMERCIAL MANAGER has smoked since the Rough Stone Age of human history. The time is long before Satan abdicated in favor of Willie Hohenzollern. Near the Manager is a blonde stenographer with a wad of paper in her hand and a wad of gum in her mouth. She is busy chewing and taking notes.*

MANAGER (*dictating to stenographer*): We have read your play carefully and find that it shows entirely too much intelligence. It contains no PUNCH and no PERSIFLAGE, so we are regretfully returning it to-day F. O. B. That will be all, Miss Pepsin.

(*Enter Office Boy. You know at once that he is an office boy, because he looks infinitely more important than the Manager. He has the face of a weasel, the head of an ivory paper cutter and the manners of a Prussian gentleman. He is likewise chewing gum.*)

OFFICE BOY: Man outside. Says playwright. Pointment with you. Looks cheesey.

MANAGER: Tell him I'm too busy to see him. Tell him—

PLAYWRIGHT (*pushing his way through door*): I beg your pardon, but have I the honor of addressing Mr. Blank, the eminent Manager?

MANAGER (*somewhat mollified*): That's my name. (*removing cigar*) What can I do for you, young fellow?

PLAYWRIGHT (*eagerly*): I have a play here (*displaying manuscript*) which will, I am sure, just suit Miss Letty Lighthead.

MANAGER (*thoughtfully*): Has it a BIG PUNCH?

PLAYWRIGHT (*diffidently*): Well, you see—

MANAGER (*impatiently*): Has it plenty of SEX APPEAL?

PLAYWRIGHT (*perplexed*): Well, it—

MANAGER (*gloomily*): Is anybody ruined in the play?

PLAYWRIGHT: No, you see—

MANAGER: Then there's no bedroom scene in the play?

PLAYWRIGHT: No.

MANAGER: No young woman takes a bath or anything like that?

PLAYWRIGHT (*now greatly perplexed*): Why, no, not that I know of.

MANAGER (*musingly*): No bath? Ahem! Then it's a clean play?

PLAYWRIGHT (*slowly beginning to lose his mind*): Why—why, I don't know just what you mean. You see—

MANAGER (*morosely*): Have you a short part for a tall man?

PLAYWRIGHT (*queerly*): Why—why—

MANAGER (*hopefully*): Or, a small part for a fat man?

PLAYWRIGHT: Perhaps if you would be so good as to—

MANAGER (*complacently*): Or, a fat part for a small man?

PLAYWRIGHT (*biting furtively at the arm of his chair*): No, it is not that sort of a play. It is—

MANAGER: Has it plenty of LOVE INTEREST?

PLAYWRIGHT: (*yelping suddenly but quickly suppressing it*): I—I beg your pardon! Yes, it has love interest, but—

MANAGER: Don't you know that audiences today simply "eat up" love interest?

PLAYWRIGHT: Eat up? I beg your pardon!

MANAGER: Don't you get me?

PLAYWRIGHT (*fidgeting*): Get you?

MANAGER (*irritably*): That's what I said!

PLAYWRIGHT (*hopefully*): I wanted to get you to produce my play, if that is what you mean.

MANAGER (*chuckling*): Good Lord, man! Where are you from?

PLAYWRIGHT (*diffidently*): My home is in Flatbush, but—

MANAGER (*facetiously*): That explains it. Say no more.

PLAYWRIGHT: Would you mind telling me wh my residence has to do with writing a play?

MANAGER: Nothing whatever, as a matter fact, but that Brooklyn stuff always gets a laug

PLAYWRIGHT (*timidly*): Then—pardon me but don't you think it would be a good plan substitute less obvious humor—something th has a tendency toward real wit?

MANAGER (*impatiently*): Let's get back your play.

PLAYWRIGHT (*eagerly*): Yes, let's.

MANAGER: Is there a big emotional scene f a heavy heroine?

PLAYWRIGHT (*stupidly*): I forgot to wei anyone for the part. But—

MANAGER (*suddenly*): Has it UPLIFT?

PLAYWRIGHT (*savagely, regaining possession his mind*): What do you mean by uplift? Hul

MANAGER: Has it a HAPPY ENDING?

PLAYWRIGHT (*with the roar of a bull sighti a red flag*): No, it hasn't any uplift! It has any punch!! It hasn't a happy ending!!!

MANAGER: Then, in God's name, what is it?

PLAYWRIGHT (*sneering*): It is only a PLA

MANAGER (*furiously*): Then why didn't y say so in the first place?

PLAYWRIGHT (*staring at him, mouth agape* Eh? What?

MANAGER (*shouting*): WHY DIDN'T YO SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE?

PLAYWRIGHT (*sinking back into his chair hel lessly*): My God! My God!

MANAGER (*angrily*): Hey! Get up out that! This is not the Astor lounging room.

PLAYWRIGHT (*rising slowly to his feet*): Y mean—you mean—

MANAGER (*brutally*): I mean I'm bus Good day! (*to stenographer*) Take this lett Miss Pepsin.

PLAYWRIGHT (*hopelessly*): But—

MANAGER (*decisively*): I said GOOD DAY

PLAYWRIGHT (*backing toward door with t look of a man in a nightmare*): Nothing abo the eyes! NOTHING ABOVE THE EYES!

CURTAIN.

Charlotte Fairchild

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF BILLIE BURKE

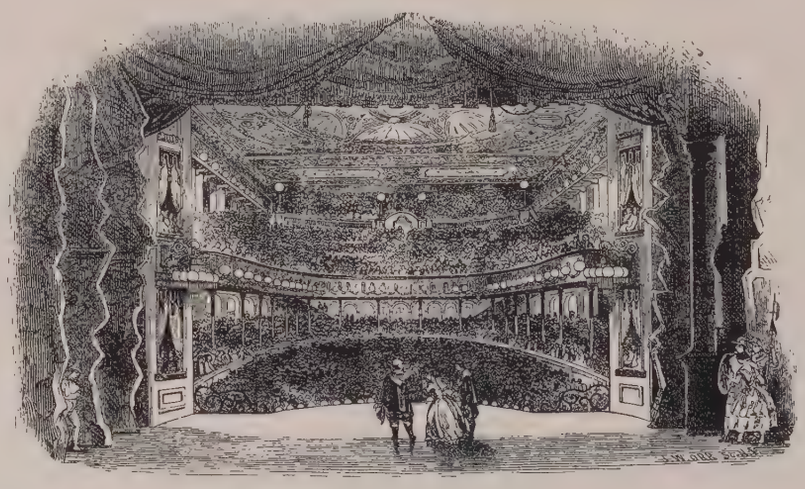
HISTORIC NEW YORK THEATRES

No. 3. Niblo's Garden and Wallack's Lyceum

By CHARLES BURNHAM

OF the many theatres which in times past stood on lower Broadway none have added so much to theatrical history as the house which for many years bore the name of Niblo's. It stood at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street, occupying part of one of New York's most famous hostelries, the Metropolitan.

Early in the history of Broadway amusement resorts the plot of ground on which Niblo's stood was a summer garden and became the resort of the fashion of the town. In 1822 it came into the possession of William Niblo who constructed a theatre opened during the summer months and later built an all-year-round house. It finally came into the possession of A. T. Stewart, who lavished money on the alteration and readornment of the theatre, making it by far the most beautiful in the city, and until the erection of Booth's theatre in Twenty-third Street, in 1869, it was considered the best equipped in this country.



Interior of Niblo's Garden

THE entrance to the theatre was by an imposing lobby leading from Broadway and running half way through the block until the auditorium was reached. On the right as one entered was the most palatial barroom in this country. Its destinies were presided over at one time by "Ed" Gilmore, who afterwards became manager of this theatre and others. On the left of the lobby was the "garden," access to which was given to those attending the theatre. On summer nights it was no mean attraction for the patrons of Niblo's, where between acts soft drinks were dispensed and frequently the orchestra would perform its *entr'acte* music in the open garden.

The interior of the building was extremely roomy, in fact, next to the Academy of Music it was the largest theatre in the city. It was handsomely decorated. The staircases were wide and solid-looking and while not fire-proof, it was thought to be the safest of all places of amusement. Twice in its history it was destroyed by fire, each time being rebuilt with added improvements. On the left of the auditorium adjoining the stage was the private box of A. T. Stewart, furnished most elaborately.

Communicating with the box was an anteroom where Stewart would entertain his guests, frequently taking advantage of its spaciousness to dance between acts. It was pointed out to visitors as one of the sights of the town and fortunate was the one who went home and told of having seen Stewart in his box at the theatre. Among the furnishings of the house were several large cut-glass chandeliers, the most beautiful ones adorning the box of the owner. When the building was torn down Oscar Hammerstein bought these fixtures and placed them in the Olympic, now known as the New York.

One of the most notable managers, who at one time controlled the theatre, was William Wheatley, under whose direction it achieved its greatest notoriety and who incidentally made a fortune for himself and others interested with him in one of his ventures. This was the production of a spectacle entitled "The Black Crook."

Two prominent theatre men of those days, Jarrett and Palmer, had brought from Europe an extensive ballet, which Palmer had dubbed "a sea of legs," together with a wealth of costume but no vehicle in which to display them. At the same period an actor, Charles Barras, had delivered to Wheatley the manuscript of a spectacular play which the manager contemplated putting on the stage. Jarrett and Palmer, hearing of this, offered to furnish their ballet and costumes for an interest in the play. Arrangements were quickly consummated and on the evening of September 25, 1866, all of New York's theatregoers as well as those of surrounding towns endeavored to crowd into Niblo's, to witness the first production of a play that created more talk than any piece of its kind before or since. "The Black Crook" ran for sixteen consecutive months, during which time four hundred and seventy-four performances were given to receipts exceeding one million, one hundred thousand dollars.

In its day Niblo's housed nearly every artist, dramatic and musical, that ever appeared in this city, and when, in 1895, it passed out of existence, it left a record equalled by no other theatre in the land.

DURING the late forties, a row of brick houses occupied the southwest corner of Broadway and Broome Street, the ground floors of which were used for stores and the upper part for dwelling purposes. Here, at this period dwelt young Lester Wallack, who, but a short time previous, had made his début on the New York stage at the New Broadway Theatre situated on Broadway between Pearl and Anthony Streets. A few years later he became stage manager of a theatre erected on the spot where formerly he had resided. It was at this location, in 1850, that a new theatre, known as Brougham's Lyceum, had been built by and named for one of the most noted and popular men of the day. A fine actor, a brilliant writer of prose and poetry, one of the best of playwrights and yet the most unfortunate of men when it came to business, during his day, he presided over the destinies of many of the theatres in this city, wrote the most successful plays, was an ever welcome member of any company he chose to enter, yet, in spite of all this, when at the age of seventy he died, he was in want. William Winter once wrote of him, "Brougham's life has been especially remarkable for two qualities,—its brilliancy and its goodness."

By a series of unfortunate circumstances Brougham was forced to give up his new theatre and on September 8, 1852, the elder Wallack assumed its management with Brougham a member of his company and young Wallack as stage manager.

THE new tenant made many improvements, some of which he called attention to as follows: "The sofas and the boxes of the parquet have been entirely remade (with patent spring seats), enlarged and heightened. In the back of the house, where visitors were frequently compelled to stand, comfortable sofas, to accommodate ninety persons, have been placed." There were no folding orchestra chairs, but long benches, similar to church pews.

Wallack renamed the house Wallack's Lyceum, and carried it forward to a position never before occupied by a theatre in New York and during the continuance of his management it remained the leading theatre of the city. Mr. Wallack gathered together a company which for completeness and ability had never been equalled. Laura Keene made her first appearance here as leading lady. Matilda Heron, when she appeared here as Camille, created a sensation seldom seen in the theatre. For this production young Wallack was cast for Armand but refused the part which was immediately given to E. A. Sothern (father of the well-known actor of to-day, E. H. Sothern). Lester Wallack, seeing what a fine part it was endeavored unsuccessfully to supersede Mr. Sothern in the rôle. Mrs. John Hoey, a most popular leading woman, here scored her most memorable successes.

Wallack and his company remained at this house until 1861, when he moved to his newer theatre at 13th Street and Broadway. After his departure the theatre passed through the hands of various managers, each change of management giving the house a new name, as:—Broadway Music Hall, New York Athenaeum, Mary Prevost's Theatre, Geo. L. Fox's Olympic Theatre, The New Idea, German Opera House, New York Theatre and finally Broadway Theatre.

Albert Carroll as Lorenzo, Nancy Vermell as Jessica

Erskine Sanford as Shylock

"The moon shines bright"—Nancy Vermell and Albert Carroll

This company, headed by Grace Halsey Mills, has just completed a transcontinental tour which included not only some of the almost inaccessible mountain mining camps of Arizona and New Mexico, but also the military and naval camps from Camp Devens near Boston to Mare Island, San Francisco

BEN GREET PLAYERS IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

WEALTH NOT A BAR TO PLAYWRITING

Women prominent in society who have become successful Broadway dramatists

By ADA PATTERSON

ACROSS the silver and damask of a small round table, amid the soft sounds and shades of the smart Woman's City Club, an author of wealth defended the wealthy woman's right to work out her ambition.

Ethel Watts Mumford she is to the reading and playgoing world, Mrs. Peter Geddes Grant to the smiling world, that fraction of the American commonwealth with a maximum bank account and a minimum of carking cares. A high brownstone house near Central Park, a country estate near Neighbor Howard Gould's castle at Sands Point, Long Island, a limousine of lining as flexible as that of a woman's glove, membership in the Colony Club, membership in two Oriental Clubs that bespeak her world wanderings, the poise of those who have nothing to fear, the presence of one used to command,—all these tokens of riches has Ethel Watts Mumford. Yet she has worked as assiduously as any Greenwich Villager whipped by dread of eviction from her garret.

"Why?" I asked the brunette sunning herself in the glow of attractive early middle age.

"Why not?" countered the woman who wrote "Sick-a-Bed," that has set New York laughing at the Gaiety Theatre.

"You are on the witness stand," I reminded.

She called to her aid a fine old Book which some forget but all revere. She recalled that it warns us not to hide our light under a bushel. The book does not qualify its injunction. It does not specify that one who pays an income tax of eight per cent. on surplus possessions may secrete her light, nor that those who own country estates should be exempt from cultivating the talent or special aptitude with which nature had endowed them. Beginning with this premise Mrs. Grant—or shall we call her Miss Mumford?—proceeded:

A RICH woman is entitled to the market price of her wares. There is no reason why she should take a cent less for the product of her brain than the young woman who must write to live. I have strenuously fought for that stand in the Authors' League. I have urged writers to fix the minimum price at one cent a word. That is little enough. Yet there are magazines that are growing rich by buying fiction at a quarter to a half a cent a word. That is a sin against artistry. The writer forced to produce copy at such a rate cannot do his or her talent justice. The output is forced. The quality suffers. The public is offered a low, illy nourishing grade of mental food. The publisher who offers such low rates is in the same class with those who put adulterated foodstuffs or drugs on the market.

"There is another reason why the rich woman should exact the highest price for her wares she can get. It is an economic one. The world needs much money to ameliorate its misery. The rich woman whose talent earns something need not batten on it. There are good causes to which she can give it. For instance there are a legion of war relief agencies that should be recipients of all we can give them. And there are others that are deserving. I want the Widowed Mothers' Pension law to become a national institution. The Equal Suffrage movement should be helped until the final goal is reached. The woman whose talent can be converted into wealth can find more channels for its usefulness than she has money. The principle is sound. A producer of wealth in her own right, she becomes a distributor of it. She can convert it into such channels that the world will be better for her having lived.

SUCH women are doing precisely that. Alice Duer Miller, Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, is a writing philanthropist. Mrs. Blanche Wagstaff, who writes verse and poetic drama is in France spending her money and strength for the alleviation of human wretchedness. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who is doing admirable work in sculpture, is encouraging poor artists. Mrs. William Astor Chanler's sculpture is worthy of the admiration it received. She has immeasurably helped suffering France through her Lafayette Fund. Mrs. Joseph Blake, formerly Mrs. Clarence Mackay, gives the profits from her writing to good causes. So does Mrs. Leonard Thomas, the former Blanche Oelrichs, a gifted poet."

Mrs. Grant is the daughter of David Watts and the granddaughter of John Watts, both presidents of the Cotton Exchange. She was born in New York but bred in the State that produces brave men and beautiful women, Kentucky. She was educated in Paris. Through her first husband, George Mumford, she had contacts with legal and judicial minds, beside the social contacts that had been hers from her birth. The young, vivacious life of America, the suave and elegant life of Europe she knew with equal intimacy. Motherhood supplemented her experiences and enriched her nature. Having fully lived she was ready to freely write.

But she had always been ready to write. She cannot recall when she was not scribbling her impressions of the moving panorama of life.

"Oliver Herford is responsible for my getting into print," she said. "I knew him well and used to suggest ideas for his development. 'Write 'em yourself,' he said. I timidly followed his advice. I wrote a story. He read and improved it and took it to a magazine. I got sixty dollars for it. I was elated, inflated. My first play was in one act. I called it 'Scenario.' Annie Russell did it at a special matinée at the Empire. My next was a drama of dual personality. Its title was 'John Wendham's Experiment.'

WHILE it was being tried by the Hunter Bradford Players in Hartford, 'The Case of Becky,' with the same theme, opened in New York. Of course John Wendham yielded to the lady. My third was originally called 'The Young Idea.' Lydia Lopokova played the leading rôle. Reasons for which I was not wholly to blame caused it to be a brief-lived play.

"One acquires a liberal education in writing plays. I was learning that there was something wrong with mine. Robert Hunter of the Hunter Bradford Players, spent a winter going over mine with me. He has a genius for putting his finger on the weak spot. That winter was a valuable one to me. I gained fundamental knowledge and facility. After that severe course I could work a play into proper form in six weeks. But 'Sick-a-Bed' represents a year's hard labor."

"The idea is novel. How did it come to you?"

"In a strangely tragic way. While Mrs. Wallace Irwin was dying she lived in my house. We moved out of the large house and lived in a small bungalow to make way for our friends, the Irwins. But I often visited the big house. Even through the veil of sadness that lay upon the place there were flashes of humor. The situations in a sick-room are as funny as they are sad. As I was leaving the house one day for my bungalow I thought, 'What a situation! Make a man who isn't sick go through this rigmarole!' At first I thought I would make him go willingly to bed to evade a summons. Then I realized that it would be far funnier if he didn't want to pretend to be sick. The play grew gradually as all plays grow. But Mr. Edward McGregor was of the greatest possible help to me. I cannot overestimate the very able assistance he afforded me."

"You have proven once more that some women have a keen sense of humor. But what is the ratio? If there were a hundred average women in this tea room how many could prove their possession of the saving grace?"

"All of them," the playwright made prompt reply. "At the dinner given to Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse to celebrate New York's suffrage victory one hundred and eighteen women were present. Everyone was witty."

"Shall we expect more plays from you?" I asked as we made our way across the thick, sound-swallowing carpets of the Woman's City Club to the elevator.

YOU may. I've a barrel of them. And I've formed the habit of industry. At nine every morning I am at my desk, shaking my finger at my subconscious mind and saying, 'Work.' And it does until one."

Her dark face glowed with laughter at her own last speech. "I love the mutt," she said. "I learned to like him when I made suffrage speeches from soap boxes. The person who sneers at the 'low brow' makes a mistake. The mutts appreciated every point. The subtlest irony reached and delighted them."

"How do you differentiate between a mutt and a millionaire?"

The elevator clanged.

"Some millionaires are mutts," she laughed merrily.

Strange as it seems there are husbands who regard the writing talent as an intruder and resent its place in the household.

One woman playwright met precisely such an attitude in her family. That a woman should seriously engage in any pursuit beside the time-honored one of housekeeping and family rearing, she says, pained her first spouse. Since our subject wrote as spontaneously and habitually as a bird sings, her husband's view did not harmonize with hers.

As she put it, the pen became a sword beneath their roof.

Thompson

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

The author of "Sick-a-Bed" defends the wealthy woman's right to work out her own ambition

MRS. BLANCHE WAGSTAFF

Who writes verse and poetic drama is in France spending her money and strength for the alleviation of human wretchedness

Rochlitz

MRS. LEONARD THOMAS

The former Blanche Oelrichs is a gifted poet, and gives her well earned profits to good causes

MRS. CHRISTIAN HEMMICK

Who persuaded Uncle Sam to build the National Sylvan Theatre, Washington, D. C.

SOCIETY WOMEN WHO HAVE MONEY AND BRAINS

BEHIND THE SCENES IN TOKIO

Noted Japanese players to visit America as a result of the world war

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

OVER three years ago someone predicted that as a result of the war all the artists and all the actors of all the world would come to America and bring the leaven of their imagination just as the Greeks brought to Europe the font of the Renaissance in their flight from the Turk. Many of the artists and most of the actors have obliged this prophet by fulfilling his prediction. And those who have not already made the pilgrimage are planning to do so after the war.

Perhaps the latest famous group to consider seriously the project of an American tour are the actors in the company of the Imperial Theatre, Tokio, Japan. Already known to travelers in the Orient for their courageous attempt to introduce the Western drama to their countrymen as well as for the picturesque excellence of their productions of their own native drama, these players are unsatisfied to wait and be seen by the comparative few who cross the Pacific. And so, eager to play before an American audience at first hand, their first topic of conversation when they meet a traveler from the United States is this subject so near their heart.

I was just a bit timid about going behind the scenes at the Imperial, for although the theatre in front of the proscenium is just like our own I wasn't sure what Oriental rites and ceremonies I would encounter where the actors could be their real Japanese selves without anyone looking on. The way led past scenery and tackle stacked Western fashion and that was reassuring. But when I came to the dressing-rooms themselves, there was a difference, although it was a difference calculated to soothe rather than to embarrass the visitor. For the Imperial is an institutional theatre and its actors make their dressing-rooms their waking homes and so they have the opportunity and incentive to make them as comfortable and as expressive of their own individuality as possible.

KOSHIRO MATSUMOTO
Tokio's great favorite in his dressing-room at the Imperial Theatre

My curiosity was keenest to see Koshiro Matsumoto, for I had been carried away by the splendid virility of his acting, a quality which will easily make him the favorite of the company when it comes to America. He was seated in a chair, Western fashion, before his mirror, making up for the rôle of Kosai in the Japanese social tragedy, "A Paradise on Hearsay, a Hell at Sight," which closed the program of four plays with a burst of passion and color. He spoke no English and so our conversation passed through the mouth of an interpreter, but no matter how I tried to vary it he returned to the single burning topic: "How will the Americans like me when we go to the United States?"

Around him on the walls and on tiny tables were gathered the treasures of his career. On the wall above his table hung a portrait of the great Danjuro who won the title of Japan's foremost actor before his death fifteen years ago. Danjuro had been Koshiro's instructor in the latter's early years and the pupil had not forgotten the one to whom he owed his inspiration.

All during our conversation, the vivid colors that combined to make a masterpiece in physiognomy for the face of Kosai were being deftly applied. The Japanese all know the art of make-up but none better than Koshiro. His ability to achieve the brilliant and the chromatic in this phase of the actor's craft has its parallel in all the other phases. More than any of the other actors on the Japanese stage, he knows how to minimize the natural monotony of his native spoken tongue. There is a rise and fall and a surge to his speech, a sense of rhythmic phrasing that casts his work into immediate relief. In romantic and character rôles, especially, he resembles no one so much as Otis Skinner when the latter was Koshiro's own age, forty-five.

Baiko Onoe is a much younger man than Koshiro but already he surpasses his comrade among his own people, for the Japanese strangely refuse to see Koshiro's most distinctive gifts. Baiko has few rivals to-day in the Japanese theatre in the impersonation of women's rôles, a practice which persists in spite of the presence of actresses in the Japanese plays at certain stated times.

One of the most likeable of all the actors at the Imperial is little Sonosuke Sawamura. Sonosuke speaks English, much better than he will admit, for his shyness and diffidence prevent him from showing his lingual skill. When the Imperial comes to America it will be his fortune to fall heir to great admiration.

SONOSUKE SAWAMURA
A Japanese of marked personality who interprets romantic rôles

BAIKO ONOE
A famous Japanese female impersonator making up in his dressing-room

From a portrait by Davis & Sanford

LAURETTE TAYLOR AS PORTIA

The young actress who has built up a large following in light, sympathetic comedy rôles, has just essayed Shakespearean drama, the test of all real acting ability. She has been seen as Katherine, Portia and Juliet

G. B. S. IN HACKNEYED MOMENTS

Showing how the world's most original jester condescends at times to employ conventional methods

By NATHANIEL S. SHAPIRO

COBWEBBY professors of dramatic literature with their ecstatic reverence of tradition hurl mouldy cabbages at Bernard Shaw because his plays ignore the conventional technique of the drama. I enjoy the framework of his plays; it is refreshing, and fits in well with the Hibernian's plan to write drama which will lack our present-day over-emphasis on "shmentimental," sugary romance, and black, disgusting passion. Shrivelled-up old maids and puritanical boarding-school misses fed on impossible Robert W. Chambers fiction are shocked by Shaw's ideas of morality. Again I plead guilty delightfully. Highbrows lambaste the witty Irishman because he resorts at times to "slap-stick" comedy methods, employed by nonsensical photoplaywrights, mossy "gags" used by the comedians of burlesque shows, and hackneyed situations resorted to by our modern dramatists. These hackneyed moments in the plays of G. B. S. are delicious.

Shaw is fully conscious of the fact that at times he has used trite situations and dialogue in his plays. It is ridiculous to think that this gifted Irishman, who jabbed his pen unmercifully into the English writers of farce and comedy because they employed hoary situations and mirthless lines, would not be aware of his use of hackneyed material. "The Twentieth Century Molière" often resorted to the old tricks of the dramatic bag when Shaw, the business man, overcame Shaw, the artist. He interspersed his comedies with burlesque, farce, and exaggeration of an old flavor, because he knew that such material would appeal to the general public. A good deal of the $200,000 that G. B. S. has made out of the theatre has come out of the pockets of the less critical theatregoer. Since Shaw often wished to sugar-coat the bitter pill of criticism, which he was to hand out to his customers, he used "slap-stick," "gags," etc.

THE reference to a pretty, young girl as a "chicken" or to a disagreeable old woman as an "old hen" has been done to death in vaudeville, burlesque and farce. The comparison of a human being with a bird or animal to obtain a laugh was old material in the Elizabethan age. Shaw uses this type of comparison in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," when Frank contrasts the middle-aged Mrs. Warren, who is far from sylph-like, with a sparrow. The line always gets a big laugh. Frank says, "My dear Mrs. Warren, suppose you were a sparrow—ever so tiny and pretty a sparrow hopping in the roadway—and you saw a steam-roller coming in your direction, would you wait for it?" We have also the comic effect resulting from the fact that the use of the word "sparrow" directs our attention to Mrs. Warren's figure when we are only concerned about her morals. The amusing playwright thus refreshes the stale comparison by fitting it into a dialogue which is sprightly, and into an interesting situation in which the morals of Mrs. Warren are holding the centre of the stage. Those who have seen "Man and Superman" may remember the moment in which Tanner speaks of himself as a woman's prey, and of a woman as a spider.

In the "Inca of Perusalem," produced here a few weeks before the United States entered the European war, G. B. S. employs a very old and broad comedy trick effectively. The chief character in the historical playlet is Kaiser Wilhelm or the "Inca of Perusalem." Whenever the Inca is irritated he pulls his large, black, well-curled and exaggerated mustache up and down continuously by moving his lips. Shaw used this device probably to sugar-coat the truthful criticism about the Kaiser, which would be annoying to lovers of das Vaterland. The night I saw the playlet at the Neighborhood Playhouse there were two Germans seated alongside of me. Whenever Shaw dug it into the Kaiser, they appeared to be annoyed. As soon as the Irish dramatist had the Inca pull his large mustache, the two Germans chuckled, although they were displeased at what the maid of the princess was saying about their royal idol at the very moment.

WHEN Shakespeare named one of his characters Elbow in order to get humorous effects by having the characters in the play mispronounce it or make puns on it, this method of comedy was in its second childhood. It was a sure-fire device that was one of the Hoyt standbys, and is currently relied upon by such comedians as Raymond Hitchcock and George Munroe. Shaw uses it in "Misalliance." One of the most hilarious situations in this play, which just completed a successful run in New York, is when old Tarleton tries to pronounce the name of Lina Szczepanowska, the Polish acrobat. She teaches Tarleton how to spell her name.

Lina. Say fish.
Tarleton. Fish.
Lina. Say church.
Tarleton. Church.
Lina. Say fish church.
Tarleton. But it is not good sense.
Lina (inexorable). Fish church.
Tarleton. Fish church.
Lina. Again.
Tarleton. Fish. No. But—(resigning himself) fish church.
Lina. Now say Szczepanowska.
Tarleton. Szczepanowska. Got it, by Gad...

Shaw relies on the repeated mispronunciation of a name for comedy effects in a few of his plays. Cæsar again and again calls Ftatateeta, Cleopatra's chief nurse, Totateeta in "Cæsar and Cleopatra." The Irish author cannot refrain from having one of his characters call Redbrook "Kidbrook." The clever Hibernian, one of the best business men in the theatrical world to-day, knows that these lines are "laugh-getters," and that it is expedient to pick up laughs.

WHAT is so antiquated as a "gag" about the peacefulness of married life? Vaudeville and burlesque comedians resort to it as often as they use "make-up" for their faces. G. B. S. employs this marriage "gag" a few times in "Getting Married," which had a successful engagement on Broadway last year. Here are a few specimens of this type of comedy: "This is not quarreling Lesbia, it is only English family life." "Go and get married first; you'll have plenty of arguing afterwards, miss, believe me." "Lord bless you, madame. I am that fond of my old Mathilda that I never tell her anything at all for fear of hurting her feelings." The lines are all "pill-sweeteners" and "laugh-getters" in a play filled with the typical bitter and satirical Shavian criticism of our present marriage institution.

G. B. S. uses word reiteration for comedy effects somewhat after the manner of Sam Bernard's "Sufficiency," or Joe Welch's "Dat's enough." Dramatic plumbers resort to it as a rule to get laughs and nothing else. This type of "gag" in the hands of the ingenious Irishman is employed to get a loud chuckle from his audience, and to add a realistic coloring to the character-drawing of old, jovial, superficial Tarleton in "Misalliance." The "gag" in this delightful Shavian comedy is not merely the monotonous and unnecessary reiteration of one or more words. Tarleton spouts a well-known author's name to express his own mood. Undoubtedly many of us have met the superficial, Tarleton type—those individuals who are walking reference libraries. Who has not talked with the personage who knows what a writer stands for, but has never read the author's books?

Hypatia tells her father that death is an unpleasant subject. Tarleton says, "Scientifically it is a delightful subject. You read Weisman." Mrs. Tarleton insists that the underwear manufacturer should not tempt Providence. Tarleton gets angry and shouts in an excited manner, "Providence likes to be tempted. That's the secret of the successful business man. Read Browning." When Lord Summerhays utters a paradox, old Tarleton is pleased. He meditates a few moments, and then says, "Paradox, paradox. Good. Paradoxes are the only truths. Read Chesterton." Indeed a hackneyed method of comedy, but exhilarating and human in the hands of the "Twentieth Century Molière."

IN the realm of "slap-stick" Shaw is very much at home. The wide popularity of physical humor G. B. S. must have noticed repeatedly while he was a dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*. Shavian "slap-stick" mixed with witty Shavian dialogue and vivacious satire makes an irresistible theatrical dish. A dish which is well seasoned; it makes one think and it makes one laugh.

Shaw has used physical humor effectively in his historical theatrical efforts. To see Catherine the Great and Cleopatra express their feelings and thoughts *à la* Charlie Chaplin is delightful. Colossal Cæsar and physically wonderful Cleopatra are seated between the forepaws of a sphinx in the desert. The great Julius tells the Queen that they are both dreaming. Cleopatra says they are not. She proceeds gleefully to demonstrate her contention by pulling a pin from her hair, jabbing it repeatedly into Cæsar's arm, and crying the while, "It is not a dream; it is not a dream. See. See."

In the "Great Catherine" the paradoxical Hibernian has also used his broadest strokes of "slap-stick."

(Center) Fania Marinoff

Act I. The daughters of the Earth Spirit

A young shepherd takes a cold and dumb sprite to his cottage as his wife. The god Pan loves her, too. He creates a terrific storm, under cover of which the girl runs back to the woods. The shepherd follows her, and Pan captures him. A country girl, in love with the shepherd, gives Pan her love in turn for which he frees the shepherd and his dumb wife. The shepherd returns with his sprite, her voice now restored through love and sacrifice.

FRANK CONROY AS PAN

White

Fania Marinoff Sydney Carlisle Margaret Fareleigh

"PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD" AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

FOR THE BOYS IN SERVICE

By SUZETTE G. STUART

A NEW kind of theatre ticket is being issued in New York City this winter, and issued by the thousands. Yet the general public knows little or nothing about it, no theatrical syndicate is backing the show to which it gives admission, and the user doesn't pay even a war-tax!

This particular bit of purple cardboard is really the announcement of a big show—and a "Sabbath Day" show at that—printed in imitation of the usual theatre ticket. Its disperser is no haughty box-office, but lively squads of Boy Scouts who are sent out at regular intervals during each Saturday to spread their good news to lonely soldiers and sailors seeking week-end diversion away from camp drill and ship isolation.

The *deus ex machina* of this novelty is the New York War Camp Community Service, at 15 East 40th Street,—an organization, the importance and scope of whose work is as big as its name is mouth-filling. Though less than a year old, it boasts an official ancestry and pedigree which is augustly described in one of its own leaflets thus: "The New York War Camp Community Service has been organized by representatives of the War Department and Navy Department Commissions on Training Camp Activities to promote recreation activities for soldiers and sailors spending off-duty time in this city." In its endeavor to find out just what are the real needs of enlisted men when in New York, the W. C. C. S. at the same time made the discovery that beneath its surface indifference and hard gaiety New York has a warm heart. The War Camp Community Service has proved this against all contradiction, and to all questioners it will pull out of its official vest-pocket a notebook of facts such as these: in two months of this winter over 1,300 soldiers and sailors were entertained at friendly home dinners of a Saturday or Sunday, and more than 1,700 were guests at private dances or Sunday tea or other social gatherings. These good times were all made possible through the enterprise of the W. C. C. S., which acts as a clearing-house between the willing hospitality of the individual family and the enlisted man's need of friendliness when he's many a long mile from home.

Boys in service enjoying a Soldiers' and Sailors' Vaudeville Show at the Harris Theatre

Still there remain thousands of the "boys" (a reliable estimate says 22,000 every week-end) who come in town from nearby camps and the ships that are in port, for whom there are not enough invitations to go around. Sunday afternoons especially the is a blank on the city's calendar of entertainments. So, like a good godfather, the New York War Camp Community Service has been filling in that blank with what they call Soldiers' and Sailors' Vaudeville Shows. The first of these was held at the Harris Theatre the Sunday before Christmas and was followed by weekly programs of such steadily increasing popularity that a month later the shows were transferred to the larger auditorium of the 44th Street Theatre. And such jolly afternoons as they are, too! The "boys" certainly get what would be their money's worth if they had to buy admission tickets. No amateur talent, this; but glittering stars from Broadway and big-time favorites have made up the bills, giving generously and heartily of their time.

"Among those present" (that is, back of the footlights) have appeared such Broadway favorites as Julia Marlowe, Burr McIntosh, Ruth Draper, David Bispham, Kubelik, L'Estralita, the inimitable Frank Tinney, Percy Grainger with the Fort Hamilton band, of which he is now a member, besides entertaining clog dancers, equilibrists, the mind-reading Zanzigs, and other amusing folk. One afternoon special numbers were joyfully received from Kelly, McNulty and Cronin, previously heralded on the various camp bulletin boards as "former Broadway favorites, now members of the 304th Field Artillery, Battery B, Camp Upton." And a particular favorite is Laurette Taylor, who with O. P. Heggie, Catherine Proctor, Violet Kemble Cooper, and Lionel Gleneston, has brought tears and laughter with "Peg O' My Heart" and Happiness."

Any actor-folk who have played before a house packed with alert young fellows in khaki or blue uniform have experienced a quickened pulse that no house of theatre habitués can give.

DO YOU KNOW—

That John Drew once shaved off his moustache? It was for his production of "Richard Carvel," a dramatic version of a popular novel. The play was a failure, so the moustache soon reappeared.

That Ethel Barrymore once played a male rôle, and wore bobbed hair and pantaloons? It was in a pathetic little one-act piece called "Carrots," used as a curtain-raiser.

That Etienne Giradot was a famous female-impersonator long before Julian Eltinge was ever heard of? He created, in the United States, the title rôle of "Charlie's Aunt," a farce-comedy that had a phenomenal run.

That Sardou declared most of his plays were not written by himself but by the spirit of Bernard Palissy using Sardou as a medium?

That John Millington Synge was once a long-haired Bohemian of the Latin Quarter in Paris?

That Billie Burke has a sister who, a few years ago, appeared as a skater on Hammerstein's roof-garden, on top of the since demolished Victoria Theatre?

That Flora Zabelle, the wife of Raymond Hitchcock, is an Armenian?

That John Galsworthy studied law at New College, Oxford, and was later admitted to Lincoln's Inn?

That Lillian Russell's mother was prominently associated with the Woman Suffrage Party in Chicago—fifty years ago?

That Richard Mansfield, at the age of ten, was sent to school in Germany, but could not stand it?

That "Oliver Twist" was first played in New York at the Franklin Theatre in Chatham Street, January 7, 1839?

That Edwin Arden's real name is Smith?

That Ruth St. Denis and her husband, Ted Shawn, have a combination residence and dancing-school in Los Angeles, known as "Denishawn," where many famous movie stars have taken dancing lessons? Mrs. Shawn has a brother who is known as Brother St. Denis.

That Clare Kummer, who first wrote a song called "Dearie," and then plays called "Good Gracious, Anabelle" and "A Successful Calamity," is a member of the Henry Ward Beecher family, and is also a cousin of William Gillette? She has made a great deal of money.

That Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks was a Miss Sully, daughter of Daniel Sully, once famous as "The Cotton King"? He later lost his fortune, and ran a boarding-house. There is one person in the world of whom Mrs. Fairbanks is particularly proud, and that is Master Fairbanks.

That Modjeska's name complete and unabridged was Modrezejewska?

That the last words Sir Henry Irving uttered on the stage were, "Into Thy hands, O, Lord! Into Thy hands!" in Tennyson's "Becket"?

DAISY DE WITT
In the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"

Ira L. Hill

DIANA ALLEN
Another member of the "Midnight Frolic"

LOUISE GROODY
Whose grace adds to the charm of "Toot-Toot"

Dance, little dancing girls! Dance ye more fleetly!
Sing, little singing girls! Sing ye more sweetly!
Days are of sorrow—let nights be of gladness!
Sing ye and dance ye! Banish all sadness!

Never before, since the old world's beginning
Had we such need of laughter and singing.

Player folk! Take us where pain is forgotten!
Sinless thy fairy-land! War unbegotten!
To-morrow we work again....Weep again....Pray we
That in the darkness and turmoil we keep ye!

You are the anchor to hold us from drifting
Keep ye the Dream bright 'neath Death-ashes sifting!

PARMLEE BRACKETT

DANCE, LITTLE DANCING GIRLS!

THE NOVELTY SHOW SHOP

Real human interest and believable stage situations quite overlooked in the craze for the sensational and the bizarre

By CHARLTON ANDREWS

GOOD morning," the theatrical managers are saying these days when they drop in at the offices of our busiest play factories. "What's your latest novelty in dramatic technique?"

Whereupon the enterprising manufacturer displays his samples, bizarre and amazing contortions of what Aristotle and William Archer and Brander Matthews have treated so reverently, now served up in such revolutionary perversions as modern ingenuity can devise.

I'm not quite sure who started it. Possibly it was the alert Mr. Cohan. At all events, in his next-to-the-last Review he had some sharp straight arm jabs for the dramatic technique of the solemn punditti whose dicta roll forth thunderously *ex cathedra* wherever university presidents are imaginative and optimistic enough to believe that the craft of playmaking can be taught and is worth teaching at that.

More especially, there was "Seven Keys to Baldpate." When that amazingly entertaining piece was first performed, a wave of horror swept across the campi of our best colleges. A playwright had dared to keep a secret from his audience! And what a blood-curdling secret it was—the whole central melodramatic farce of the thing was not real at all; it was only the acted-out story which the novelist upstairs was bombarding out of his Corona!

IFOR one shall never forget the thrill of pleasure which played Jacob's Ladder with the spines of the *hoi polloi* and the sickening sensation which simultaneously assailed the gasters of our intellectual aristocracy when the curtain went up for the last act or the epilogue, or whatever it was, of "Seven Keys," to the clicking of the tell-tale typewriter in the room upstairs. Safe-robbing, hold-up, civic corruption, assassination, mysterious disappearance—all that the spectators had been beholding so breathlessly was nothing after all but the birth throes of one more of the Six Best Sellers! Truly, thought we all, Mr. Cohan had got away with everything, including murder.

As I remember, the next severe jolt suffered by D. T. (which, by the way, does not here stand for *delirium tremens*) emanated from the redoubtable Mr. Reizenstein. He had deserted the practice of law temporarily, it seems, to cast his stone in the form of "On Trial." Once again the chairs of playwriting throughout the academic world rocked on their platforms. Once again Clayton Hamilton was compelled to revise his complete works. Mr. Reizenstein had written his play backward!

I am not exactly sure why he did it. Perhaps he had been taking George Jean Nathan seriously (I am told that there really *are* several persons who do so) and the gentleman from Indiana (Fort Wayne, to be exact) had impressed the young attorney with the statement that not only could the dramas of Augustus Thomas all be played backward, but they would be greatly improved in the process. At all events, Mr. Reizenstein calmly and deliberately set about relating inversely a delectable narrative that might have been inspired by the edifying adventures of H. Thaw, Esq.

The result? Sensation! It was not the story, you know, it was the way it was told. We were kept jumping from now to last month or last year or last century and back again. The stage-hands also did their share of jumping. "On Trial" instantly set new records for the standing and running high and broad, to say nothing of the pole-vault.

AND then throughout the length and breadth of our fair (except in the cost of living) land, from Maine to California, from Niagara Falls to San Antone, there went up one universal shout:—Mr. Reizenstein had lifted his dramatic technique from the cinema. (Note that I avoid "movies." "Cinema" seems to give one's style such a tone these days.) "On Trial" was just a series of cut-backs and fade-aways. The legit had entered the arena and was about to do battle with its lusty young adversary, the screen.

Mr. Reizenstein denied the allegation and defied the allegator. I personally heard him do so on the occasion of the first production of another play of his called "The Iron Cross." He hoped no one would accuse him in this second instance of having purloined his ideas from the films. I am sure—when I recall "The Iron Cross"—that Mr. Reizenstein got his wish. In fact, most of us had the feeling that first aid from Mr. David Griffith or even Mack Sennett would have been very welcome in the case of the play named after the Kaiser's pet extravagance.

However, that is neither hither nor yon. Mr. Reizenstein could at least join hands with Louis XV and remark in chorus, *"Après moi, le déluge!"* Slowly it came, but steadily; and it hasn't subsided yet. Plays all about us dropped into the strange habit of beginning at the wrong end. There was "Innocent," for example, in which the hero thoughtfully allayed the ire of the audience in advance by shooting himself first and spinning his yarn afterward. How many another piece could be thus improved!

But, resisting the obvious temptation to digress, I pass on to the year 1917—around which cling such tender memories in the theatrical world—especially around the last two months of it. In the autumn of that memorable year, it will be recalled, ere yet the nipping frosts had stripped the tender leaves from our carefully cherished trees, there was delivered yet one more well nigh fatal thrust at the common enemy, Technique of the Drama.

INEVITABLY I allude to "Eyes of Youth," a piece in which the fine Italian hand of the scholarly Dr. Marcin doth appear. In this play we witnessed the solemn spectacle of three (or was it four?) separate stories shooting forth from the parent stem to which we kept returning for more. It seems there were several suitors for Miss Marjorie Rambeau's hand—a thing by no means incredible. Naturally she was in a quandary. Not content merely to say, "My mother told me to choose this one," she consulted a large glass marble and therein saw her finish three times over.

If she didn't marry anybody—what a pity!—she would become an old-maid schoolteacher, a faded antique all within the space of a few short years. She would soon lose her job, her eye sight (or most of it), and her lover. Her siste would remain as youthful as ever and elope wit that last-named worthy. Her brother woul prove a drone, and—oh, well, it was a very poo idea all the way around.

If she flitted away with the impresario t France and had her voice irrigated, she woul degenerate into a bediamonded *prima donna*, th darling of Paris in general and of several well to-do Parisians in particular, a trifle more care less than Miss Mary Nash in "The Man Wh Came Back," bursting with temperament and un respectability. She would defy all impresario in language most shocking, would have to endur moral lessons and everything.

If she married the rich and elderly suitor, a even worse fate was in store for her: she woul have to play a whole act taken from one o Willard Mack's flivvers! This was more tha Miss Rambeau could bear. She promptly cam out of her trance, married the man she *luvved* and kept a theatre open for weeks and week when all around her there was quite anothe story to tell.

Come we now almost to the very end of tha fateful year. Just nine blocks north as the f crows from where Miss Rambeau had shot he bolt at the Hamiltonian-Matthewsian techniqu of the drama—where Mr. Guernon had delivere a knockout blow, and Dr. Marcin had admi istered a sleeping potion—that gallant youn Lochinvar of the theatre, Broncho B. Ande son, assisted by his stalwart partner, M Weber, provided the patient with the *coup d grace* in the dread form of that classic ger "Yes or No."

INSTEAD of telling a handful of stories o at a time, and after each returning for a fres start, "Yes or No"—as the entire world must h now be aware—tells two stories alternately. An what stories! Ah, what, indeed. Beatrice Fai fax herself, or even Ella Wheeler Wilcox, wou have been proud to be the author of one of the I mean, of course, the one in which the di contented wife elopes with the parlor-snake a then begs him to "marry her and make h decent."

Plays which, if told "straight," would be hop less may, if told singularly, spell success. S unlock the old trunk and dig out that oft-r jected 'script. All the poor thing needs is fresh and freakish technique. You can't thi of any device that hasn't been used? No sense. How about two stories told simultan ously? Modern actors dote on outshouting o another.

Two stories told backward simultaneous One forward and one backward. One backwa and the other advancing to meet it. When th hit—bing!

Combinations of *three* stories. Act I, No Act II, Seven Years Ago; Act III, 1952. start in the middle and play it both ways fr the Jack.

Try any of these—unless you prefer that m unusual of novelties, an interesting play, w real people and credible situations, straightf wardly treated.

Photo White

(Lieut. Eulin)
Georges Flateau

(Mme. Eulin)
Mrs. Fiske

(Col. Eulin)
Lee Baker

Lieut. Eulin, before the war, is a confirmed pacifist. His mother agrees with him until her other son is killed by foreign plotters. In an instant her attitude changes. Her husband, a retired colonel, is a secret service agent, and traces to his own son, the pacifist, the invention of a terrible explosive which will ensure victory to the side possessing it. When war threatens Colonel Eulin seizes the invention in the name of France and the pacifist buckles on his sword

SCENE IN "SERVICE" A FRENCH WAR PLAY BY HENRI LAVEDAN

TYPES—

MISS MARIE CHAMBERS
A DE LUXE EDITION OF
THE PARISIAN AMERICAN

By ANNE ARCHBALD

IF you had chanced to be in the subway coming from Brooklyn around eleven on a certain night of the current April, and had seen a charming person—whose radiant blondeness of hair and skin stood out from the contrasting black of her lynx-trimmed coat and burnt-goose feathered hat—enter the car talking French to her maid, I'm sure you would have stared, and you might have muttered to yourself as well, "*Que diable faites-vous dans ce galère*?" Which, translated in Americanese, would be, "How in the world does that young and pretty Parisienne happen to be so far away from home?"

Though you might be misled by the fur, this is not a winter coat, but a special summer one for Miss Chambers to wear over her silk and gingham frocks. It is of a lightness! Rich black fibre silk with only a lining of yellow chiffon which corresponds in shade to the fitch collar, wrapping in a novel manner round the neck. The chic black hat with its burnt goose feather trimming, which though small, well shades the face, is chosen to enhance Miss Chambers' vivid blonde coloring

This is a splendid example of one of those costumes which Miss Chambers likes to make friends with and wear "easily and often,"—a one-piece dress of soutached blue serge and black satin, combined with a true Victorian dolman, its sleeves quaintly braided in black soutache and all of it lined with French blue and white striped silk. To complete the atmosphere a Victorian-looking toque of fine blue straw panached with iridescent green coque feathers

Photos Ira L. Hill

And if you had thought all this you would hav been perfectly right as far as outward appearanc go, but wrong as to basic facts. For your Parisienn would have been none other than Miss Marie Cha bers returning home to New York by a quick rou after playing her rôle of French vampire in th Lou-Tellegen "Blind Youth" production, then booke for its week's engagement in Brooklyn before star ing on the road. And Miss Chambers isn't Fren at all, or even English, but bona fide for-gener tions-back American.

Then what accounts for the camouflage of na tionality? Has the nightly impersonation of French vampire anything to do with it? No, it not so simple as that. The explanation for th illusion would be something like this.

That Miss Chambers, though born in Philade phia, has spent most of her life since a child Paris,—speaking French like a native. *That* she h a figure like the typical Parisienne, round waist an slender hips. *That* she has an extraordinary tran parency of blonde skin further heightened by scarlet mouth and faint brown shadows round h large blue-grey eyes, a coloring also suggestive the French woman; *and* golden hair parted in th middle and waved in a deep Marcel in the be Parisian manner. Lastly, and most importantly fo our purpose, that from the top of her head to th

sole of her foot Miss Chambers is *chic*, and *élégante* and *distinguée*.

Her clothes she likes to make friends of, she says. She wants a frock to be practical as well as beautiful,—the lines severely simple and straight,—so that she "can wear it long and easily and often." She is not of those who order numerous gowns, wear each one once or twice and cast them aside for something new. And in this characteristic she is again of the French school, the best French school, that of the élégante Parisienne. She is not extravagant, this Parisienne, but she knows values, the best there is to be had in material in cut, and in finished workmanship, and she expects to pay for it accordingly. Only a few frocks a year, but those very real and from her favorite house—which she has tried out and knows can fit her individuality. All of Miss Chambers' costumes, shown here, gowns, wraps and hats, were designed for her by Harry Collins.

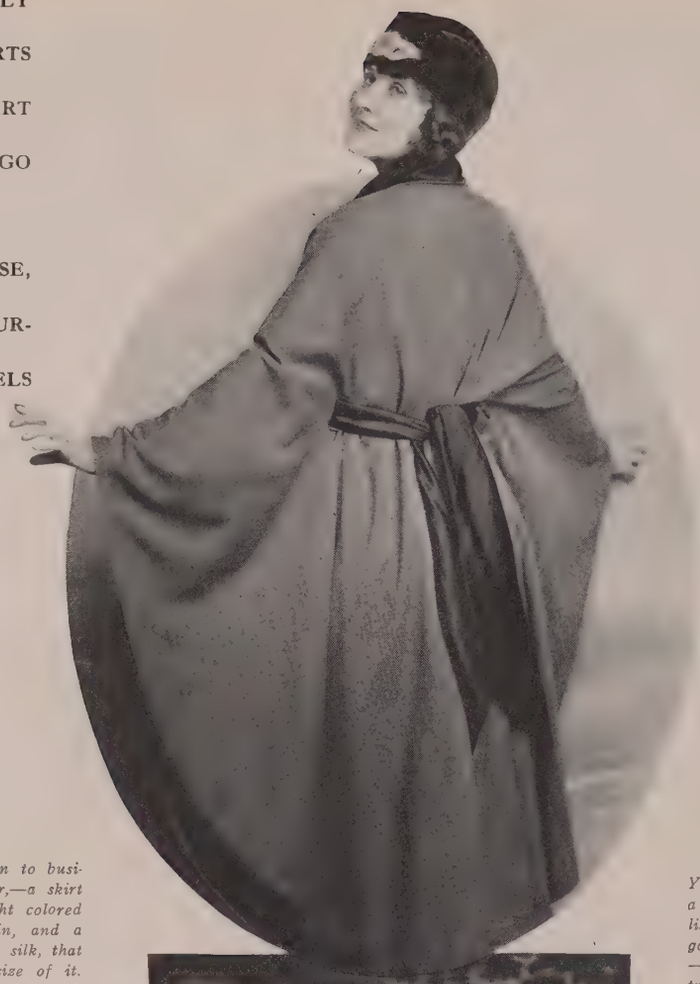
wardrobe complete this sea- without several capes, for and evening wear! Miss mbers has chosen one, light floating as thistledown, for summer evening frock of and black Chantilly. It is ale grey chiffon over coral on with flounces of black ntilly and a collar made of rey ostrich plume ribbed n its middle with coral

"Une jolie robe remplie par une jolie femme," as the young French aviator of twenty-three medals exclaimed, when he caught a glimpse of Miss Chambers climbing the stairs of Mr. Hill's studio to pose in this black satin restaurant gown. He must have felt quite at home on seeing the French mode of no sleeves with a gown somewhat high in the neck, a favorite trick of Miss Chambers', and one which she uses, as French vampire, in "Blind Youth," on a frock of American beauty color velvet

We will let you in on two secrets here that the camera does not reveal. First, that that though the outside skirt of this black Chantilly lace frock has a bouffant appearance, its flesh-pink silk foundation fits on the snuggest and straightest of lines underneath. Second tip, that Miss Chambers' perfect feet are encased in grey satin slippers and stockings, a delicious combination with pink and black and one to which Miss Chambers is especially partial, using grey footgear with every costume where it does not actually clash

MISS HAZEL DAWN NOT ONLY LOVES ALL OUT-DOOR SPORTS BUT ALSO KNOWS THE SMART CLOTHES THAT SHOULD GO WITH THEM—

AND THAT INTERESTING HOUSE, BALCH, PRICE & CO. HAS FURNISHED HER WITH THE MODELS WHICH SHE CHOSE



For motoring—not when she is at the wheel of her car, of course, but when she relaxes on the back seat of the tonneau and lets someone else drive—the "Pink Lady" wears this cape-wrap of gabardine in a khaki tone lined with black satin and a little service cap of velvet to match, with a pink and blue embroidered ornament in front

But when Miss Dawn gets really down to business this is the costume she will wear,—a skirt of white silk poplin printed in a bright colored design, a sports blouse of white satin, and a sleeveless sweater knitted in heavy rose silk, that gives an unexpected warmth for the size of it. The efficiency sports hat is of soft white felt with a crushable crown and a facing of panama

Miss Dawn not only loves to participate in every kind of sport herself, but to be a spectator at sport gatherings. For such occasions this Summer she has chosen a sport suit like this, of heavy oyster white fibre silk with a deep border of knotted fringe on the sash and the back of the sailor collar. With this goes a big hat of natural colored straw in a fancy weave, wreathed with a brilliantly gay assortment of field flowers

You must be patriotic like Miss Dawn, and add a sleeve-less something to your wardrobe and your list of other "less" things. This sports suit of good old jersey cloth in a heavenly—yes, literally—shade of turquoise blue has as its only contrasting touch a belt lined with sand-colored jersey, which shows as a tiny piping on either side

Photos Ira L. Hill

Balch, Price & Co.

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ON "THE AVENUE" WITH BROADWAY'S BRIGHTEST STARS

Observe well Miss Florence Walton's feet which are clad in raund-toed, short-vamped, made-in-Paris pumps than which Miss Walton swears she will wear no other for walking. Incidentally her quilted brown taffeta coat is a Poiret

Madam Nazimova with her husband Charles Bryant getting a breath of fresh air between performances of their Ibsen spring season. You see that Madam Nazimova "holds with" Paris that no smart wardrobe this season should be without its chemise blouse

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Tellegen pause for a moment on their way to the Plaza to register Happiness. And from the two curly ostrich plumes peering over either side of her hat to her buckled slippers Miss Farrar's costume registers Perfection

You will be perfectly en regle for any daytime affair, shopping, lunch, the matinée, if you follow Miss Mary Boland's costume of blue gabardine suit, blue straw hat, immaculate white spats and gloves,—and blue moiré bag

Miss Ina Claire and her mother strolling along the Park side of the Avenue after church. Miss Claire's frock, we were told, was combined grey gabardine and black satin, and her hat a straw tam in French blue

Miss Jane Grey's "Eyes of Youth" are looking out from under one of those new spring turbans made of straw twisted in and out Oriental fashion, here rore and old blue. The suit is tan gabardine with a belt sash tying behind

"RIGHT SHOULDER STRAPS" *for the* PLUS-4-INCH VEST!

The Vanity Fair Staff Officers have issued this command.

WITH Mr. Hoover administrating food and Mr. Garfield equally absorbed in the fuel problem and everybody being cross-examined, Vanity Fair simply had to administrate something!

After much puzzling and pencil-biting one of the designers said, "Why in the world do you suppose some women still prefer the rounded neck vest? It requires such a high-cut camisole to cover it!"

It might be because the straps slipped off the shoulders—or because these straps of ribbon always *did* wear out.

From now on the "ribbon shoulder straps" on the Plus-4-Inch Vest are not "ribbon" at all, but luxuriously heavy hemstitched bands of Vanity Fair glove-silk. *And*—they do not, will not, can not slip off your shoulder! Why? Because they are placed on an angle; instead of being the same distance apart in back as they are in front they taper toward the centre of the back and are forever cured of their wanderlust!

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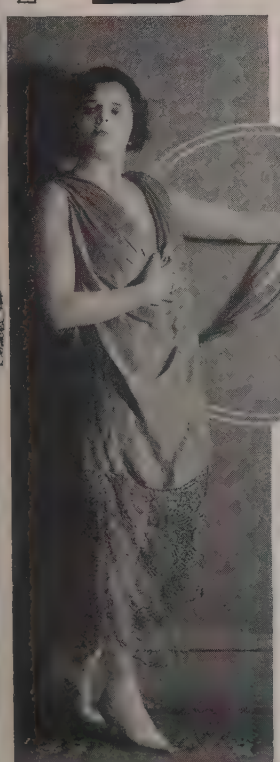

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"My Captain" designed and named by Emmy Wehlen. This exceedingly smart model is shown in brown calf, gun metal or patent leather, with extension turn soles and Louis XV heels.

A specialized value

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Send for Spring Style Book

Photo posed expressly for L. M. Hirsch Shoe Co. Miss Wehlen wearing "My Captain"

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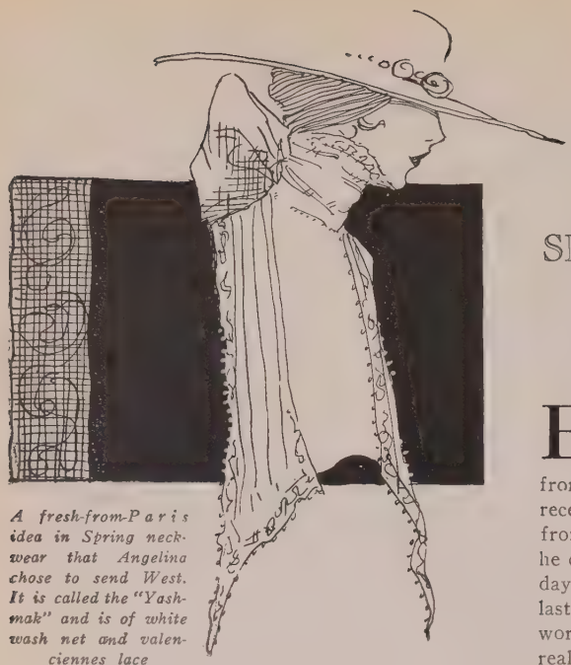

A fresh-from-Paris idea in Spring neckwear that Angelina chose to send West. It is called the "Yashmak" and is of white wash net and valenciennes lace

EDWIN HAS SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE

By ANGELINA

EDWIN has come back from the front. I thought the receiver would drop from my grasp when he called me up Monday morning. The last person in the world..... It was really too good to be true! He has an Honorable Mention and a wound and a week's vacation here. After which he is going out to Mineola to train the prospective aviators.

We've been having a glorious time toegther, lunch every day, and the theatre several times, and I'm sadly afraid I've been neglecting my work. But then it's such a very special occasion. And Thursday I worked hard enough to make up for the rest of the week. I got up at the crack of dawn,—it must have been eight o'clock at least,—and was out and away by nine.

* * *

Among a thousand other things, I shopped for Molly Peterson, who is living out West and wanted me to send her "something new and fresh in neckwear." First I went into a shop on the Avenue and there I chose something very new, just from Paris. Called the "Yashmak"! You can see it in the sketch. It's of white wash net trimmed with valenciennes and has a high collar whose folds draw around the neck and tie in a big bow in back. To contrast with it I chose also two simple little organdie vests with buttons down their fronts, one in white and one in French blue. I thought we could afford two because they were so nice andcheap, only $1.65 apiece.

One of the most useful and charming inventions of the season are these little organdie tuckers that fasten down the back. McCreery has them in almost every shade for only 95 cents

Then I went over to McCreery's where they were offering some very special sport dresses, special values, special materials, in a model with sleeveless jacket. The skirts were of baronet satin with sleeveless jackets of the same, or of jersey silk, ditto, or of cotton gabardines with the skirts striped or plaided in colors and the jackets made of plain matching material.

* * *

On my way out as I came past the neckwear counter I saw some dear little organdie tuckers, and as there was still something left over from Molly's check I picked up two to add to her parcel, a lemon yellow and a faint pink. Those too, delightfully, you might almost say, unreasonably cheap, at ninety-five cents each.

From McCreery's over to Sixth Avenue, to see some crêpe de chine blouses I was told about. And I promptly selected one of them in peach color and quite as promptly bore it off to wear at the Ritz, where I was due at one o'clock to lunch with Edwin and take him to the matinée.

One touch of Romelink makes the whole world rest. I consider the Romelink couch perfect.

Frank Crowninshield

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"Cravenette Finished"
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
Resists Water

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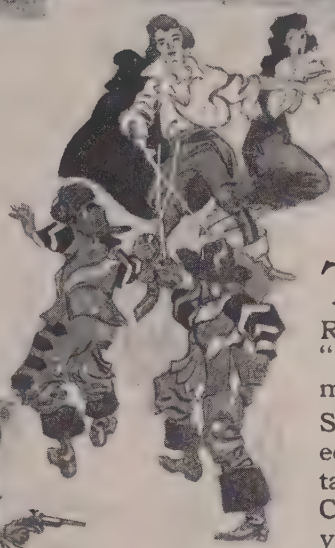
IF it's snappy, catchy music that you want to hear again and some more — it's on a Columbia Record.

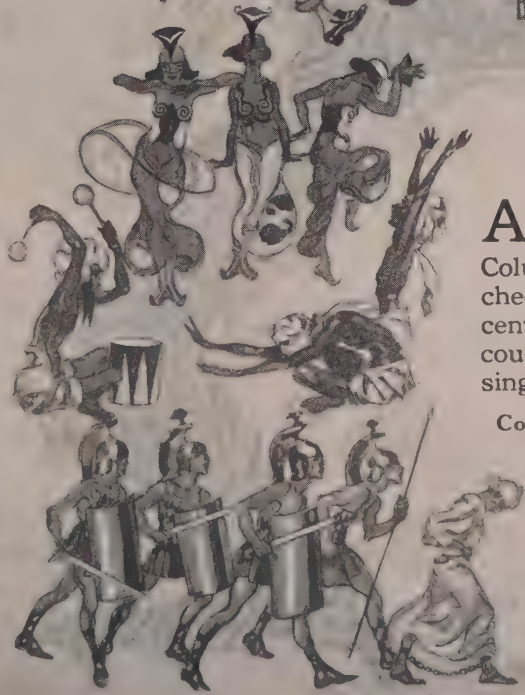
That tantalizing tune you whistled for a week before you got the name — it's on a Columbia Record.

That weird close harmony the boys were singing at the club last night — it's on a Columbia Record.



THAT jazz dance riot they encored seven times — it's on a Columbia Record. That great quartette from "What's its name?" by — er — never mind — it's on a Columbia Record.

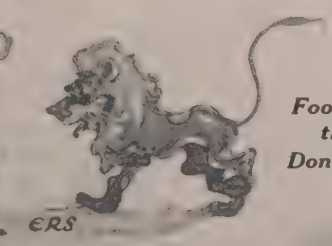
Spring song, love song, musical comedy, pirate chorus, opera air, or oriental dances — if it's music that's *alive*, Columbia's got it. If it's music that you like, the Columbia Grafonola will make you like it better.



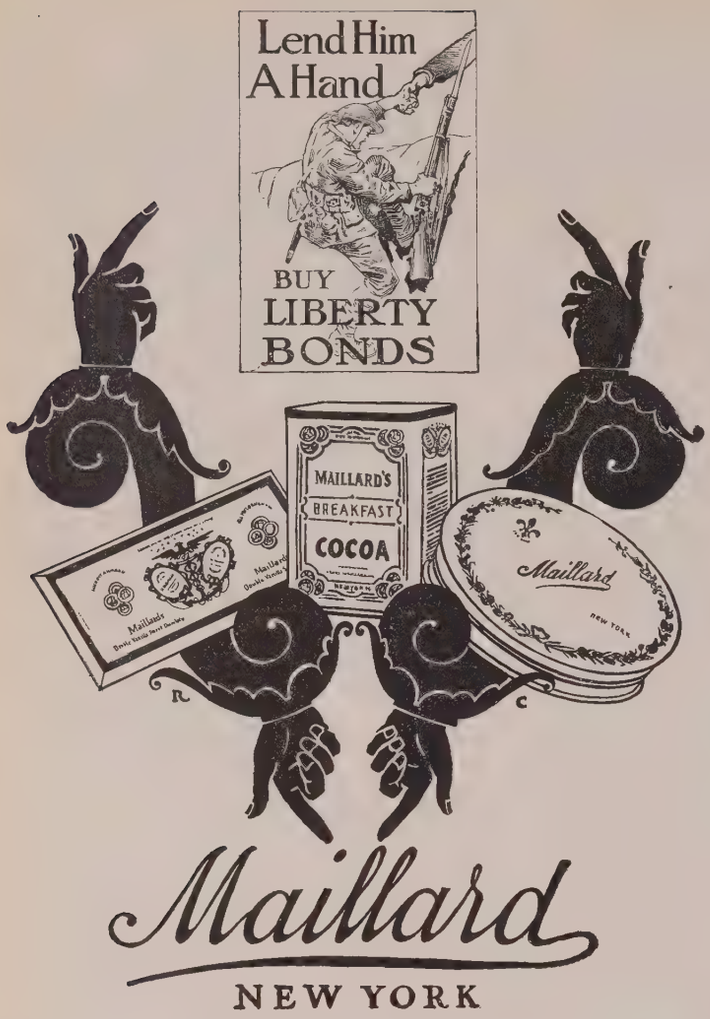
A BIG, jolly friend with a happy, melodious voice — that's the Columbia Grafonola. A handsome, cheerful fellow who is always the fun-center of the home he lives in. Of course he's always happiest when he sings Columbia Records.

Columbia Graphophone Co., New York

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $18 to $250
Period designs up to $2100



Food will win the war. Don't waste it.



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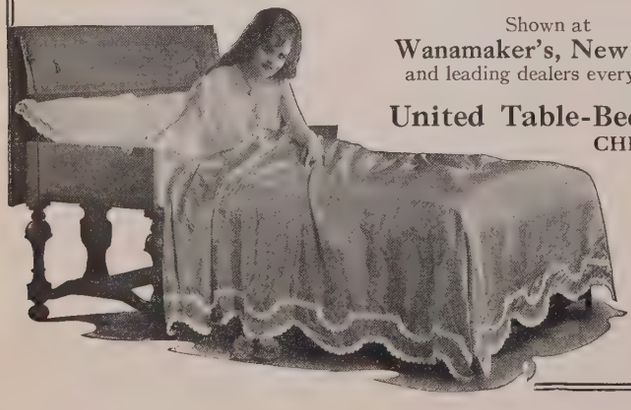

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United Table-Bed Co.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Booklet on Request

EDWIN HAS SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE

"That's the prettiest blouse I've ever seen you wear," he said of it and me, as we started our *hors d'oeuvres*. "Never wear any other kind."

* * *

"All right," I answered. "It's lucky for you that there are plenty

The crêpe de chine blouse that Angelina wore to lunch with Edwin at the Ritz and whose simplicity of line appealed to his masculine eye, countless small tucks being its only trimming. It comes in almost every shade

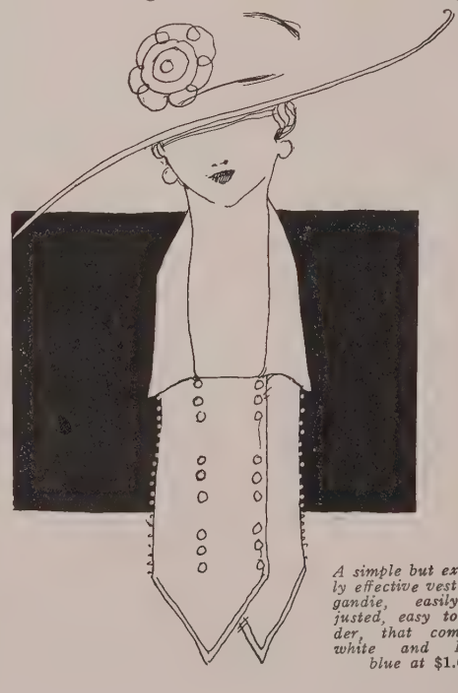
more where this came from. I'll vary the colors, they have most of them. I'll wear peach through May, and blue in June, and....."

* * *

Here the waiter interrupted.

* * *

I must confess I did rather fancy myself that day, not only as to the waist, but as to my whole costume. It was fashionably and artistically correct even down to the Richelieu ribs on my silk stockings. I was wearing a new blue gabardine tailleur with swinging side pleats to the skirt and a small toque of American beauty straw with lovely little sprays of wheat in the same color sticking out all over it. On my feet were a pair of those new oxfords that were designed by the Hirsch Shoe Shop for Miss Emmy Wehlen and were christened by her "My Captain." I told Edwin it was as a special compliment to him that I was wearing mine.



A simple but extremely effective vest of organdie, easily adjusted, easy to launder, that comes in white and French blue at $1.65

We had such a good time at lunc that the curtain was going up we took our seats. Oh, didn't I s whom we were going to se Lenore Ulric in "Tiger Rose." was my party, as I had been e trusted with a very special commi sion in connection with the occ sion. In my handbag there was precious small square of mater from the Mallinson silk looms, whi I was to compare from the fro with the frock Miss Ulric wears the play, and which I was to ta around to her dressing-room aft the performance.

* * *

As to the play it was thrilling, a Miss Ulric herself enchanting, eve gesture, every accent. Outside writing over reams of paper, t only possible short thing to say abo her is, "Don't fail to see her." A as to the frock under discussi that was of crêpe in autumn col ings of plum and russet, which M Belasco had had specially har painted for Miss Ulric by Miss E Hartman. But the square of M

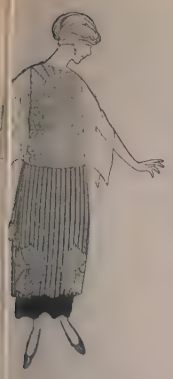
If you are wearing a pair of th new oxfords you will want a pair the Richelieu rib stockings to go wi them. If pumps, a pair of the ne embroidered and open-work ones. An if evening slippers, a pair with la inserts. And all should be Onyx hosiery

linson material in my possession, exact duplicate as far as could seen from the front row, had b done by a machine process, an plication of the hande Batik method.

* * *

"It's wonderful," claimed Miss Ulric, as compared my sample l in her dressing-room, v the material of her dr "It's if anything more the original than the o inal itself."

And at that moment should knock on the c but the great Mr. Bel himself. Wasn't it ex ing? And Miss U showed him the Mallin sample and he was jus enthusiastic and excla tory as she. I couldn't l had a better endorser for my godchild!



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D. J. MAHLER

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 288)

FULTON. "ONCE UPON A TIME." Comedy in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Presented on April 15th, with this cast:

Bill	Thomas Williams
Terry	Chauncey Olcott
Annie	Elsie Lyding
Lizzie	Jesse Ralph
Patsy	Bonnie Marie
The Boy	George Brennan
Mary	Ethel Wilson
Jack	Edward Fielding
Lenox	William Loraine

THIS new play which brings Chauncey Olcott back to New York is a sweet comedy full of pathos and sentiment. Terry (Mr. Olcott), an inventor, is about to leave for New York. An Irishman brings him a little girl, who turns out to be the orphan daughter of his brother. This child soon captures his heart.

Once upon a time Terry was jilted by a girl who married a man of wealth. This happened when Terry was striving for success. The husband died leaving her penniless, and she comes again into Terry's life when she applies for a position as governess for the young child. And, of course, as in all fairy stories—and in all Irish plays—the child brings about a reconciliation between the couple. They marry and live happily ever after.

The piece gives Mr. Olcott an opportunity to sing some of the Irish ditties that he does so well. It also brought to light a marvel of a child, Bonnie Marie. She was assuredly the hit of the evening.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE RAINBOW GIRL." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Rennold Wolf (founded on The New Lady Bantock by Jerome K. Jerome); music by Louis A. Hirsch. Produced April 1st, with this cast:

Daisy Meade	Laura Hamilton
Frank Scudder	William Clifton
Buck Evans	Billy B. Van
Gus Norton	Robt. G. Pitkin
Newton	Polly Bowman
Russet	Ethel Delmar
Jonathan	Dorothy St. Clair
Baldwin	Edna Stillwell
Robert Vernon Dudley	Harry Benham
Mollie Murdock	Beth Lydy
Miss Terris	Mariam Medie
Miss Gwendolin	Marguerite St. Clair
Clergyman	Frederick Solomon
Miss Dudley, the elder	Jane Burby
Martin Bennett	Sydney Greenstreet
Susannah Bennett	Claire Grenville
Honoria Bennett	Kathleen Lindley
Ernest Bennett	Harry Delf
Jane Bennett	Lenora Novasio

ONCE in a while we get a musical comedy that has a real plot. This applies to "The Rainbow Girl." It should really be styled a comic opera, such as the French have been giving us for many years. The lyrics are bright, clean and witty. The scenery is Joseph Urban par excellence.

Beth Lydy, who plays the title rôle, has a pleasing voice. Billy Van is very funny and Sydney Greenstreet as the butler is a real comedian whose work illustrates what good training does for an actor. Mention should be made also of Harry Delf and Lenora Novasio for their clever dancing.

WINTER GARDEN. "SINBAD." In two acts and fourteen scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Al Jolson. Produced Feb. 14.

FOR anyone who has the blues and providing he has the money—as the price of Winter Garden seats are not within everybody's reach—I would strongly recommend "Sinbad." Of course, all the fun making rests on the shoulders of Al Jolson. A more agreeable singing comedian is rarely seen in New York, and that his popularity grows is not surprising to anybody.

The scenic effects, costumes—and girls, are as beautiful as we look for at the Winter Garden.

SHAKESPEARE PLAYHOUSE. HAMLET. Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Presented April 12th. Walter Hampden's recent interpretation of the unhappy Kronprinz of Denmark was a most creditable performance. In voice and appearance, in manner and in mastery of the art of reading blank verse, he is excellently equipped for such an ambitious venture. If any came to scoff, when he made his first appearance in this rôle with the Shakespeare Playhouse, I am sure they did not remain to flay. It is a pity that so good an actor in so worthy a production should not be able to command an extended Broadway run.

Mr. Hampden was ably supported by Miss Beatrice Terry, as Ophelia, and Miss Alma Kruger as the queen. The latter lady, however, has not taken sufficiently to heart Hamlet's own admonition that in "the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance." Screaming and sobbing, however realistic, may be overdone even by Danish queens. But Miss Kruger has marked Shakespearean capability.

I wish I could say as much for Charles A. Stevenson. His Claudius was surely the mildest-spoken, gentlest-mannered villain that ever scuttled a kingship. As for the ghost of Hamlet's father, draped in his lace curtains he suggested nothing in the world quite so much as "Here Comes the Bride."

Ernest Rowan was an earnest Horatio. Charles Webster was not quite up to requirements as Laertes. Frank Walker, as the Player King, proved that he can "bombast out a blank verse" with the best of them. Percival Vivian made the first gravedigger exceptionally comic.

ASTOR. "FANCY FREE." Musical play in three acts. Book by Dorothy Donnelly; lyrics and music by Augustus Barratt. Produced April 11.

FANCY FREE" is almost unflaggingly amusing, What more have we been educated to expect from musical comedy? This one comprises a few tinkling tunes and many twinkling toes—notably those of the ever-radiant and agile Marilynn Miller. Besides, there is much laughable nonsense for Clifton Crawford to deliver in his own droll way and an unusually good-looking chorus.

Running absolutely true to form, the piece has neither novelty of plot nor excellence of voices. The story, in fact, is that most popular of old favorites, wherein young folks at a hotel pretend to be married and presently real husbands and wives begin to turn up. The allotment of rooms in such a case of course cannot help being exquisitely excruciating. I am sure I need not add that the last act is mostly a cabaret performance.

In addition to Miss Miller, who is the life of the party, and Mr. Crawford, who ably seconds her, there is Harry Conor, still as amusing as he was in the era of Hoyt. Mr. Conor is admirably constructed these days for Oriental dancing. Also there is Violet Englefield, who resuscitates things in general after her belated arrival in Act III. She is one of the most promising novices of the Order of Cold Tea Absorbers.

Most of what approaches singing is done by Ray Raymond. He manages to get a good deal of applause for a fox-trot ballad in which he stresses the ingredients of what he calls the "Amer-kun Beauty" rose. Mr. Raymond is at all times a very personable young man.

THE last touch of feminine loveliness—the smooth, hairfree underarm—renders more strikingly beautiful the décolleté gown or those sheer *modes* with filmy, lacy sleeves.

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Tremson sport shoe in combination of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid and Brown Kid

* * *

Particularly will she use the "F. B. & C." white washable glazed kid. In this soft pliable white kid her desire seems to have been realized.

* * *

For instance what could be more attractive than the sport shoe shown on this page, developed in tan and white. To say the least it has style all its own.

* * * *

In a shoe like this, one could walk miles and miles, play golf, or indulge in any sport one's heart desired with never a thought of such material things as feet.

* * *

And by no means will the Miss on the Avenue overlook "F. B. & C." white washable glazed kid No. 81. I should venture to say either the white or the tan oxford shown here will be seen on the foot of most every dainty dressed lady you chance to pass.

* * *

"F. B. & C." white washable glazed kid will be the leather highest in favor; all of us are economizing, and through white washable kid it is possible to practice economy.

New Tremson Oxford now in great demand. This shoe, made of "F. B. & C." Kid, comes in White, Tobasco, Brown, Golden Brown and Grey

* * * *

Nothing has the snap and the distinction of a white washable kid oxford with the tailored costume. On the other hand an afternoon frock is nothing short of incomplete without white kid of some sort.

Tremson Oxford made of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid

Tremson shoe, Louis XIV heel, made of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid

Easily cleaned and retaining its original glaze, this kid is without an equal from the standpoint of style, comfort and economy. It FITS THE FOOT smartly and requires no mussy dressing to maintain its new and unblemished appearance. Appreciating the good qualities of "F. B. & C." white washable glazed kid No. 81 fashion critics have agreed that it shall be the leather of vogue for Spring and Summer.

IRA L. HILL

One of the most successful of New York's theatrical photographers whose genial personality has made him a great favorite among the profession. Lately Mr. Hill has been lending his untiring efforts for the War Relief

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1918. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co. 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none, Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St. New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 838 West End Ave., New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed by LOUIS MEYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of March, 1918.

[SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE,
Notary Public,
Bronx Co. No. 44.
New York Co. Clerk's No. 148.
New York Co. Register's No. 8150.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

Music should charm unaided, but its effect is much finer when we use our imagination and let it flow in some particular channel, thus imaging the music. It is then that all the faculties of the soul are brought into play for the same end.—Saint-Saëns.

Correction concerning Geo. M. Cohan

In the department entitled "Do You Know—" in the last issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE, by an unfortunate oversight, a paragraph was allowed to appear to the effect that George M. Cohan's real name was not Cohan, but Costigan. This is an error. The family name is and always has been Cohan. George's father, an esteemed and very popular actor, died a short time ago. The confusion in regard to patronymics arose from the fact that his mother's maiden name was Costigan, which, of course, has nothing to do with the name Cohan, rightfully and honorably borne by our local Molière.

VICTOR RECORDS

VICTORIOUS Springtime! The conqueror of frost and snow; the reviver of joyous bird melodies and the awakener of all nature to a new life of freedom and happiness and song!

No wonder that Martinelli has felt inspired to interpret on a new Victrola Record a song of love's ecstasy at a time so typical of youthful exultation.

"O bon tornato, Amore," is a delightful little Italian song. It has a smooth-flowing melody which is sung to a murmuring accompaniment of strings.

"Each Stitch is a Thought of You, Dear," is one of those sentimental songs inspired by the war, which Henry Burr sings on a New Victor Record. On the other side *"A Little Bit of Sunshine"* is presented by Charles Hart with the Shannon Four.

"The Land o' Yamo Yamo" is delightfully presented by Van and Schenck, and turns out to be the place where all good fellows go.

Elizabeth Spencer and Henry Burr are heard in a pleasing duet on the new Victor Record, *"If You Look in Her Eyes."—Advt.*

THE PLACE TO DINE

The Hotel Pines on the Lincoln Highway, between New Brunswick and Metuchen, is a delightful spot for autoists. It is noted for its excellent shore and mushroom dinners and fine service. The mushrooms are grown right on its grounds. The Pines is under the able management of Joe Herr, who sees that everyone is satisfied. An excellent dance floor is in the main dining-room.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

NORA BAYES, now making Columbia Records exclusively, has her first two records in the May list. In these, her remarkable talents appear at their best.

Al Jolson sings *"Wedding Bells, Will You Ever Ring for Me?"* in a manner that is at once tragic and humorous, while Samuel Ash in *"My Sweetie,"* Irving Berlin's hit, gets it across with all there is in it. Percy Grainger, the "Musical Viking of the Pianoforte," displays his powers at their best in Chopin's mighty *Polonaise* in A-Flat Major. For those who prefer the glories of opera, Prince's Band presents both the Quartette from *Rigoletto* and the Sextet from *Lucia* on the two sides of the same record. Mery Zentay, who studied under Hubay and has since made her mark as a Philharmonic violin soloist, plays the *Barcarolle from the "Tales of Hoffmann"* exquisitely, and Arthur Fields, with the assistance of the Peerless Quartette, records a real man-song in *"Any Old Place the Gang Goes, I'll Be There."—Advt.*

White Shoes
dominate for Summer

Snug-fitting shoes of pliable white kid are the choice of the ultra smart set for Summer.

"F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81" is the only leather recommended by the Style Committee for the smart Summer Shoes. It is *the* leather which **"Fits on the foot like a glove on the hand"** and requires no mussy dressing to preserve its new and unblemished appearance.

Look for either of these **"F.B.&C."** tags. They assure correct shoe style and **"The Best There Is"** in leather.

Shoes, both high and low, of **"F.B.&C."** White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81" are carried by the best shops. Write to the Style Committee if you cannot find them.

Fashion Publicity Company
of New York

For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the Bath

The

FIRST ANNUAL

Moving Picture Supplement

IN THE JUNE ISSUE

OF THE

THEATRE MAGAZINE

BRIMFULL OF INTERESTING STORIES AND PICTURES OF THE FILM STARS—DESCRIPTIONS OF THE EASTERN AND WESTERN STUDIOS

LARGER THAN EVER

BETTER THAN EVER

Order now from your newsdealer

LENORE ULRIC starring in "Tiger Rose," wears this distinctive frock of Batik-printed Indestructible Voile in the Mallinson Tiger Rose design (patent applied for). The same pattern is reproduced in all its alluring loveliness on the incomparable surface of Pussy Willow.

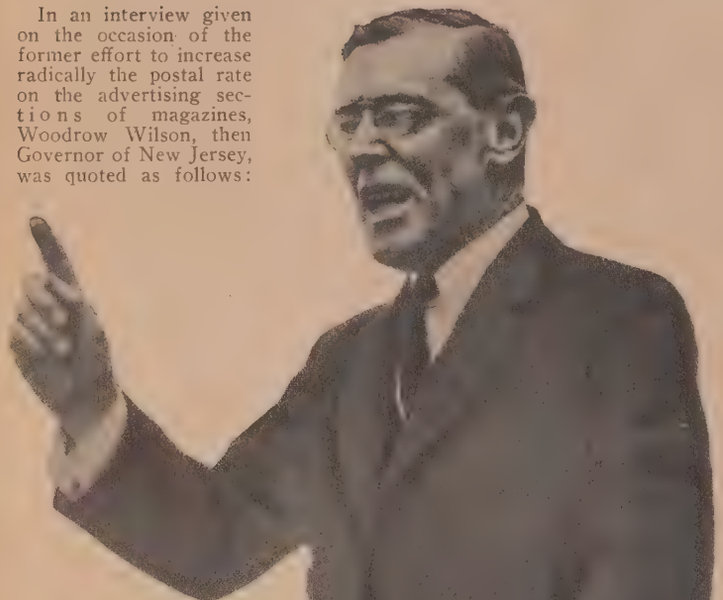
Other Mallinson Silks de Luxe in popular favor include:

Khaki-Kool, Pussy Willow Satin, Kashmere Kloth, Will o' the Wisp, Slendora Crepe.
(All Trade Mark Names)

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY "*The New Silks First*" Madison Avenue at 31st Street, New York

Surely Sober Second Thought Will Prevent Any Such Blunder

In an interview given on the occasion of the former effort to increase radically the postal rate on the advertising sections of magazines, Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, was quoted as follows:



He Said:

"It must be that those who are proposing this change of rates [magazine postal rate increase] do not comprehend the effect it would have. A tax upon the business of the more widely circulated magazines and periodicals would be a tax upon their means of living and performing their functions.

"They obtain their circulation by their direct appeal to the popular thought. Their circulation attracts advertisers. Their advertisements enable them to pay their writers and to enlarge their enterprise and influence.

"This proposed new postal rate would be a direct tax, and a very serious one, upon the formation and expression of opinion—its more deliberate formation and expression just at a time when opinion is concerning itself actively and effectively with the deepest problems of our politics and our social life.

"To make such a change now, whatever its intentions in the minds of those who propose it, would be to attack and embarrass the free processes of opinion.

"Surely sober second thought will prevent any such mischievous blunder."

When the British in 1774 desired to curb the growing spirit of independence among our forefathers, they raised the postal rates on the newspapers and periodicals of that day to a prohibitive cost.

Now, one hundred and forty-two years later, a Congress of the United States raised postage rates on newspapers and periodicals by increases of from 50 to 900 per cent.! The logic of high cost is inevitable—reading will be decreased. The economic law that huge cost means decreased consumption is quite inevitable whether it is put in action by autocratic royalty or by the hasty thoughtlessness of our republic.

This restriction by huge postal increases on such reading matter is made at a time when this country is passing through the greatest crisis in its history; when the widest possible reading is to be desired for information as to the great problems we are dealing with; and when every stimulus to patriotism and self-sacrifice is vital to our idealism.

And yet in such a time and under such circumstances Congress passed a law that will limit, through huge postal increases, the circulation of periodicals and periodical reading by tens of thousands of readers.

It was not a war tax. For Congressman Claude Kitchin, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, who is its champion, stated "the provision increasing the rates on second-class" (magazines and periodicals) "mail matter proposed is not in the nature of a tax." And, continuing, he added: "We propose for this provision to continue after the war terminates." It is, therefore, admittedly postal legislation—and yet postal legislation that never emanated from the Postal Committee of Congress or was passed upon by it!

It was not a war tax. Even though it was imbedded as a "rider" in the War Revenue Act by the House of Representatives and the country compelled to take the rider or see the vital War Revenue Act held up—after the United States Senate had twice rejected it—and in that same session after full hearings and discussion were refused by the Ways and Means Committee.

As to a war tax necessity, the periodical publishers offered the entire profits of their business during the war as a tax revenue to Congress in place of this destructive legislation that means destruction of reading as well as of publishing.

This 50 to 900 per cent. postage increase on the periodical reading matter of the nation was accomplished by enacting a postage "zone" system whereby readers remote from the city of publication are penalized by increasing heavy postage charges according to the extent of the remoteness of their home. This "zone" postal system and principle was abolished by President Abraham Lincoln in 1863. And since that date postal commissions investigating postal affairs have denounced such a "zone" system as has now been imposed.

This is the law—the most disastrous and destructive law ever passed in the history of postal legislation! Huge postage increases will destroy reading and the opportunities for periodical reading to-day just as certainly as it did in 1774, when the old royal and despotic authority deliberately raised postage rates for the purpose of destroying reading matter and its accessibility.

The proponents of this destructive postal legislation have claimed that there was a postal deficit. The United States Post Office Department showed that the revenues exceeded all expenses last year by $9,836,211.5 (Report of Postmaster General).

The proponents of this disastrous postal law claim that the Post Office loses eighty millions of dollars a year in the magazine postal service to the readers of this nation. The Postmaster General's report for last year shows that the "total shipments of periodicals by freight" during the year 1917 consisted of 4,367 carloads weighing 127,298,781 pounds at a cost of $686,608.75—*or a shade over one-half cent a pound!* They receive one cent a pound. And Canada sends all periodicals from anywhere to anywhere in Canada at one-quarter of a cent a pound. Why should readers of this nation be given less progressive legislation than Canada?

The guesswork "cost" figures advanced by the proponents of this disastrous law were shattered by Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota in Congress, when he showed that if such "cost" figures were correct then the Government must have spent $590,500,000 for periodical mail when *as a matter of fact*, the Department spent only $306,000,000!

The words of Woodrow Wilson are noteworthy. They might have been written yesterday, so apt is the description and so pointed and stinging his indictment of the dull folly and destructiveness of this postal legislation.

"Surely sober second thought will prevent any such mischievous blunder."

Will you help to repeal this unjust and disastrous law?

Write to your Congressman at once. If you don't know who your Congressman is, ask at your post office.

Bring these facts to the attention of your church, your society or the organization to which you belong; adopt resolutions demanding the repeal of this destructive law. Send a copy to me.

Hundreds of associations—business organizations and women's clubs—have adopted resolutions denouncing this detructive postal law. *Be one of them!*

Discuss it with a friend now and then—and if you will help—enroll and send your name, address and State to Charles Johnson Post, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

LILLIAN GISH AND ROBERT HARRON IN A SCENE
FROM D. W. GRIFFITH'S "HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

44th Street Theatre—"Hearts of the World," directed by D. W. Griffith. To quote the programme "Hearts of the World" is the story of a village, scenario by M. Gaston de Tolignac, translated into English by Captain Victor Marier and produced under the personal direction of D. W. Griffith. A great title "Hearts of the World" but hardly a great picture. To my mind, the one salient point lacking is theme. There is nothing about "Hearts of the World" particularly worth remembering after leaving the theatre, except the remarkable histrionic ability of the Gish Sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, and the splendid performance of Robert Harron. True, Mr. Griffith has portrayed village life in France before the war, and during the war, with the fine exactitude that characterizes all of his work, but with it all, not forgetting some remarkable battle scenes, the big idea, so essential to a big picture isn't there. "Hearts of the World" is a charming love story, but one has come to expect more than that from D. W. Griffith's past performances. However, there is plenty of bang and go to the picture, and with the added attraction of an exceptionally capable cast, and flawless direction, the picture is well worth seeing, providing the weaker sex are not squeamish about seeing the truth about the war, depicted faithfully and unadulterated. To quote the programme again, the following synopsis gives a fairly accurate description of "Hearts of the World":

TWO American painters make their homes in France. Marie, the daughter of one painter, and Douglas Hamilton, the oldest son of the other live next door to each other. A natural event is the love between the two.

The Little Disturber, a strolling singer, falls in love with young Douglas also. However, this affair does not develop to any disastrous conclusion.

Marie and her lover are in the midst of great preparations for their coming wedding when the Great War begins. Though an American citizen he gives his life to the service of France.

Marie and her family, left at home in the village, refuse to believe the possibility of danger.

The little French company, a part of the great army of France, however, are beaten back by the great German offensive.

Then follows the overwhelming of the French, the bombardment and destruction of the village. The scenes of the evacuation and of the distress and terror of the villages under the bombardment.

The latter part of the story takes up the village under the German occupation.

In this village Marie and the Little Disturber manage to drag out an existence at the village inn, now in possession of the Huns.

The story relates the suffering, privations and agony of the villagers in their captivity, relating also the preparations for the rescue of the village by the French, the massing of their troops, the intense struggle of the French soldiers to recapture the village and free their loved ones; and the prayers and hopes of the women and children of the village awaiting their deliverance, ascend from cellar and crypt in the stricken district.

STRAND THEATRE. "THE SPLENDID SINNER," with Mary Garden.

The splendid part of this Goldwyn production and Mary Garden's second attempt to put herself and her producers on the film map are the last twenty-five feet of film spelling out the word *"finis."* Of all the miserable infantile attempts to entertain an unsuspecting audience "The Splendid Sinner," with Mary Garden, takes first prize. Where, oh! where and what, oh! what has become of Mary's youth and beauty. And how, oh! how and why, oh! why should the management of the Strand inflict such torture upon the plebeian multitude. I don't dare tell you, dear reader, the story of said picture. Its incongruities and impossibilities would stagger the most vivid imagination. Neither do I care to tell you what a poor leading man Hamilton Revelle makes, but I will say this, the camera man has made up in photography some of the appalling flaws in direction. And so we'll leave "The Splendid Sinner" in all its sin and iniquity to drag out what looks to me like a most meager existence.

* * *

RIALTO THEATRE. "HIS MAJESTY, BUNKER BEAN," with Jack Pickford.

Jesse L. Lasky presents Jack Pickford in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," by Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Julia Crawford Ivers, and directed by William D. Taylor. Genuine and wholesome entertainment in the form of an amusing and cleverly depicted story with a capable cast headed by Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, has been provided by Paramount in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean." Those who like Jack Pickford will like him even better after seeing this picture, for their hero plays a romantic part not at all unbecoming to him. There are many naive situations, and good direction and equally good photography all help to make "His Majesty, Bunker Bean" charming divertissement.

* * *

ADELPHI THEATRE. "THE STRUGGLE EVERLASTING," with Florence Reed.

"The Struggle Everlasting" is by Edwin Milton Royle and has been produced for the screen by Harry Rapf. The cast in addition to Florence Reed includes Milton Sills and Irving Cummings. After all I had heard about this feature I was more than anxious to see it. So evidently were a great many others for the Adelphi Theatre was thronged for the opening night of this picture. Whether they were disappointed or not, I do not know—I can only speak for myself. I was. "The Struggle Everlasting" is a nasty subject fairly well depicted, but lacking congruity in the first part and depicting impossible situations toward the end. "The Struggle Everlasting" is the story of an ignorant mountain girl, who after being ruined and spurned by one man has many other lovers. Tiring of each in turn the girl finally looks for spiritual peace, which she finds in helping the sinful and downtrodden, eventually being shot and killed in the attempt to save one of the latter. There it is. Think it over. Would you like your daughter to see it? I wouldn't if I had one. Florence Reed in a blonde wig makes th most of an unpleasant part. Milto Sills is far from convincing and I ving Cummings plays a negati rôle. The picture itself has bee lavishly produced, but is pointle and leaves a bad taste in the mout

* * *

STRAND. "RICH MAN, PO MAN," with Marguerite Clark. "Ri Man, Poor Man" is from the sto by Maximilian Foster, and has be directed for the screen by J. Sear Dawley. It will be remember that "Rich Man, Poor Man" w dramatized by George Broadhu and not successfully. At that t screen version is not much bett than the stage version was. Ma guerite Clark as the girl makes ingenuous ingénue, although it w be remembered that the same r was quite differently played in t stage version. J. Searle Dawley l done nothing remarkably well in t way of adaptation and direction, l still and all the picture makes fai good diversion. It is simply t point of view from which you lo at it.

FIVE FAVORITES OF THE SCREEN

A charming photograph of Lillian Walker, who has just formed her own company, "The Lillian Walker Productions, Inc."

(Center)

A darling of the screen, Mary Miles Minter, in Mutual Productions

Alice Joyce, than whom there is no sweeter—Vitagraph star

(Left)

Miss Peggy Shanor playing one of the feature parts in the new Pathé Serial, "The House of Hate"

(Right)

Agnes Ayres from whom much is expected, and who can be seen in Vitagraph Productions

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Who is now in California with her company filming "The Claw" and "The Savage Woman"

"COMING, MONDAY AND TUESDAY—SPECIAL FEATURE"

WHILE the Smiths, down in Andalusia, Alabama, are turning out the library lamp and hiding the key under the door mat, their cousins the Joneses up in Kennebunkport, Maine, are probably hiding the key under the door mat and turning out the library lamp. They are going to the movies. At one and the same time both families will laugh at "Doug" Fairbanks playing the musical glasses in "Mr. Fix-It." Neither family will for the time realize it, yet it is a fact that Douglas Fairbanks' pictures are showing in fifty or a hundred theatres just like theirs all over the country at the same time.

How does "Doug" travel around? Many of us have asked ourselves this question after witnessing a particularly good photoplay. We wonder when the folks in Andalusia or Kennebunkport will get to see it and whether it is the only one of its kind made or not.

Just the other day a very Badly Informed Young Person—and quite an average young person in that respect—wandered into the office of a very Busy Man in the film business and asked for an explanation of a few of these puzzling questions. Moreover, the Young Person wished the explanation reduced to its lowest and clearest terms. The Busy Man finished glancing through a sheaf of correspondence, pushed back his chair, and instructing his secretary that he was "in conference" for ten minutes, turned smilingly to the Young Person.

"Just what did you want to know?" he asked.

This was a bit of a fazer for the Young Person, but after a hesitating moment, in which he realized the fact that after all, about all he did want to know was "what made the wheels go round," the plunge was taken.

"How many copies of a picture are made in the first place?"

The answer, in spite of the Busy Man's earnest efforts, was a bit technical. In kindergarten English, however, it ran something like this: There is an original negative made of every production, from which duplicate copies are made. The same principle applies as making extra copies of your kodak pictures. The extra copies are called positive prints. This is the film you see on the theatre screen. The negatives are preserved with greatest care and are never exported for the reason that the duty on each is exorbitant. Incidentally, each print now has to be most minutely inspected by the United States Customs Officials, for any suggestion of propaganda or codes, before it is allowed to leave the country.

Of a prominent star's pictures anywhere from fifty to ninety prints are usually made for this country. Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Pauline Frederick and a few others usually have over eighty prints made of each of their pictures, at first. Occasionally, additional prints have to be made later.

So far, so good. The Badly Informed Young Person began to understand some things. But just how do the positive prints—the prints that are thrown on the screens of the theatres—get to the theatres at any particular time; and what becomes of them when the run is finished; who gets them next and why; and who sees to it that they get where they belong?

The average audience sits contentedly back in its collective orchestra chair and never gives a thought as to how the film got there and what sort of an organization was necessary to assure its being shown that particular night at that particular theatre. And yet the organization that does this thing is a big strong link, and a most important one in the motion picture chain.

"How do the prints travel and who circulates them?" asked the Young Person.

"Now we are actually getting to the solution of why 'the wheels go round'!" replied Mr. Busy Man. And he went on to tell in long and carefully simplified details all about Exchanges. Afterwards, the Young Person asked someone else to explain what an Exchange was and by putting two and an Exchange together, arrived at the conclusion that, after all, the very center of the great machine is, perhaps, the branch office, which connects the maker of the pictures and the man who shows them to the public.

The makers or "producers" realizing that the problem of handling the immense quantities of films was too great for them, early in the game organized great "distributing" companies, which as the name implies, distribute or send out, the finished product. Now, no one office could possibly undertake to handle all the infinite detail of advertising, recording, publicizing, repairing and upkeeping all these films—for the Paramount and Artcraft pictures alone amount to from three to five pictures each week.

Thus, came into existence the branch offices of these "distributors" branch offices, technically known as the "exchanges." At the exchange is carried on the work of sending out, sometimes on a circuit like a vaudeville act, sometimes to one theatre at a time, the finished photoplay. The exchange also handles the immense volume of advertising and publicity matter which is necessary for each picture. These include "mats" and "cuts" or different sorts of pictures for newspaper reproduction, huge quantities of bill posters of different sizes, advertising "mats," short stories and items for publication in papers, magazines, programs, etc., and many lobby display articles, such as special photographs or posters.

All this tremendous amount of advertising matter must be sent out in advance to the theatre where the picture will be shown. When the film itself is sent, it travels in round tin cans, made especially to fit five of the queer, flat spools on which the usual one thousand feet of inch-wide celluloid film is wound. Usually the film goes direct from the "exchange" or branch office of the distributing exchange to the theatre and back to the exchange when the run is finished, but occasionally the film will travel on what is known as a "circuit," resembling the circuits of vaudeville acts.

In such a case, Mr. Showman, the man who runs the theatre, signs a contract when he agrees to show a picture that he will forward it—and in good condition—to the man showing it after him. Neglect of

The Convention Hall in Kansas City at the time "The Seven Swans" was shown to the children of the city. The screen in the middle has four sides and the picture was thrown from four projecting machines absolutely synchronized, so that exactly the same action went on on each screen at exactly the same time.

Pauline Frederick

appears exclusively in

Paramount Pictures

"Charm, artistry and personality" should be headlines in any description of Pauline Frederick.

Miss Frederick came to the world of motion pictures with a reputation as one of the country's foremost and best liked actresses on the speaking stage, and as one of its best dressed women.

That she has more than sustained her reputation is best evidenced by the constantly growing popularity—a popularity easily understood by those who have seen her in "Double Crossed," "The Hungry Heart," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "Madame Jealousy" and her latest triumph "La Tosca."

This year Miss Frederick will be seen in eight new Paramount pictures.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

ilm is one of the worst enemies the business has to meet. Usually, when the film is in especially bad condition, even when on circuit, it is sent back to the exchange to be repaired, clipped and rearranged, if necessary. The "rewinding" and inspection of films is one of the most important businesses of the exchange.

In the case of the New York Exchange, which is the largest in the business in proportion to its territory, it has been necessary to establish a special laboratory for this repair work, which is known as refinishing "Laboratory Number Four." Here work on the old films is going on continuously. Just at present, on account of the war, many films are being "edited," deleted and rewound. A surprisingly great number of pictures made before the war contain subjects that now have to be omitted.

An immense amount of detail bookeeping is handled at each exchange, of which there are about twenty-six in the Famous Players-Lasky Company, which make Paramount and Artcraft pictures. Each photoplay is recorded separately, booked in advance and carefully traced, for the loss of one print means a loss of many thousands of dollars in cost of print and play dates missed. Many times it is impossible to catch up a date when some other picture is played in place of one that was delayed because the new pictures coming right along fill up all the "days" available.

Loss from deterioration is a serious menace to the "producer" and "distributor," or, in simpler language, to the man who makes and the man who sends around the pictures. Not only is this condition due to the war, but as with much fiction and many legitimate stage plays, the pictures soon become out of style, odd, unsuitable or impossible for use. The costumes in a picture alone may become antiquated and make the film unfit for further use. Thereafter, the heaviest profits on a film are made at the outset of its career "on the road."

"Does each of these branch offices, or exchanges, receive an equal number of films or prints?" asked the Uninformed Young Person, after an interval.

"No, the largest exchanges at first received more, although after a picture reaches a certain age, its prints become pretty evenly distributed. New York receives usually about twenty-five or thirty of the eighty or ninety prints of a popular player's pictures. These are for the large or of "first run" houses which, of course, means the theatres that show the picture when it is new and correspondingly expensive.

"The man showing the picture—the 'exhibitor'—draws up his contracts with the exchanges, receives his advertising material and pictures from them, and except in t case of being on a circuit, retur the film to the 'exchange' for spection and readdressing.

"In brief, then, the Exchange the channel between the maker pictures and the "user" or in ter of commerce, the consumer. T duties of the exchange are on small scale the same as those

The $2,000,000 California Theatre San Francisco, opened November 1917. The auditorium is 86 x 10 feet. It is the expert service of th Famous Players-Lasky California E change, combined with their output pictures, which makes such theatr as this a profitable investment.

the great company controlling th They must advertise and public first. Most exchanges have a se rate advertising and publicity partment on whose shoulders no little of the burden of selling photoplays rests. Next there is sales force of actual salesmen v are constantly circulating among theatres of their territory.

"Follows the department wh looks to the sending around or 'd tribution' of the pictures, of 'routing' each one as if it wer vaudeville show; and last, but least, the repair department, wh except in the case of the very la exchange at New York City, s to the care and upkeep of the ph plays it handles.

"The Famous Players-Lasky C poration, which produced Paramo and Artcraft Pictures, has twe eight exchanges in the United St from Boston to San Francisco, from Portland, Oregon to Atla Georgia. Besides these are tw foreign exchanges of the Fam Players in Canada, England, A tralia, Brazil, Denmark, France Cuba, all handling Paramount Artcraft pictures. They are am the most up-to-date, progressive ganizations of the entire indus each complete in itself, yet each pends, and in a way, upon the ot and especially upon the great h office in New York where the ecutive work is carried on."

Douglas Fairbanks registering popularity with the children—not a very difficult feat for Doug

Enid Bennett as she appears in her latest Paramount picture called "The Greatest Show on Earth"

June Elvidge reading a script at her Riverside Drive home during her leisure hours, and Barbara Castleton in a helmet she has just completed for the Red Cross. Both can be seen in World Pictures

UNWINDING THE REEL

Essanay now is engaged in the preparation of its next feature production, "Young America." George K. Spoor, president of Essanay, purchased the rights for this play from Cohan and Harris and it has already been put into scenario form by Essanay's staff of writers. Director Berthelet has almost completed his plans for interior art decorations and settings. Scouts are out seeking ideal locations for the exterior scenes.

Mr. Spoor has a representative in New York looking for a suitable cast. This is in connection with his new policy of picking the cast specifically to fit the picture, instead of relying altogether on stock company players. This same policy was largely adhered to in "Ruggles of Red Gap" and in "A Pair of Sixes."

In the former Frederick Burton and Lawrence D'Orsay were engaged to play the leading rôles in support of Taylor Holmes, while several minor characters were also supplied by talent outside the Essanay studios. In "A Pair of Sixes" Maude Eburne, Alice Mann, Robert Conness and others were engaged to play with Mr. Holmes.

In "Young America" practically the entire cast will be picked from players from New York, with possible additions of minor players from Chicago. It is aimed to get the exact type of player to suit the various rôles.

In this way Mr. Spoor believes he will be enabled to produce a picture strong in every part and comprising a more harmonious whole, because of the wide field of players to choose from as against the limited number of a stock company.

The play was written by Fred Ballard and had a highly successful run on Broadway, as also in other cities. It is believed that it will make a superior screen production. Work is being rushed on this play and it is expected to release it shortly through the Kleine exchanges.

Other productions are also being got under way, including "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," which in all probability will be the release following "Young America," although several other plays, of which Essanay holds the picture rights, are being considered as a following release.

* * *

Lina Cavalieri has begun the production of a sensational and spectacular production of "Gismonda," the Sardou play in which Sarah Bernhardt won fame, according to an announcement of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The scenes are being taken at the Fort Lee, N. J., studio, and when completed the picture will be released under the Paramount trademark.

* * *

The salary list of "Masks and Faces," with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and a cast including fifty of the best known actors and stars of the English stage, a World Picture release set for May 6th, if produced by private individuals, would pass the half million dollar mark.

* * *

The sacrifice by a young woman of her happiness to save the honor of her family, threatened by the act of her erring sister, forms the basis of "The Lie," the Artcraft picture starring Elsie Ferguson which will be released on April 8th. The play was written by Sir Henry Arthur Jones, and after winning marked success in London was produced in New York City, where it enjoyed a long run. "The Lie" was staged under the direction of J. Searle Dawley, from a scenario by Charles Maigne.

* * *

Margarita Fischer will wear some beautiful gowns in her new picture, "A Square Deal," written by Albert Payson Terhune, and will throw all of her vivacity into the rôle of a girl from a comfortable, middle-class home in Brooklyn who married a wealthy man and insists upon living in a hotel and spending all her time with friends who like to discuss things they call "The Higher Thought." It is a story with a real human appeal. The cast includes Jack Mower, Val Paul, Constance Johnson, L. M. Wells, and Nanine Wright.

* * *

Norma Talmadge, the Select star, has returned from her flying trip to California, during which she made a visit to her mother and two sisters, all of whom are at present residing in the West. The return was the signal for resumption of work on "De Luxe Annie," the screen presentation of Scammon Lockwood's successful stage play of the present season, which, following its New York run, has been on tour of the larger cities. At the Talmadge studios in East Forty-eighth Street the filming of the play is now progressing.

For this production Norma Talmadge has a new director, Roland West, formerly manager of the Talmadge studios, is in charge of this picture. Miss Talmadge is again supported by Eugene O'Brien.

* * *

Having completed "Thais" and "The Splendid Sinner" for Goldwyn, and made a triumphal return to opera in Chicago, New York and Boston, Mary Garden will soon go to France for the Summer.

* * *

An innovation has been established by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation in the equipment of a "film hospital," located in New York City, which will have branches advantageously located through the country. The idea of the plan is to provide every branch office with perfect prints for every release, regardless of the date on which the picture was issued.

* * *

Olga Petrova returned to New York last week after a brief vacationing period enjoyed at Palm Beach. The Polish actress will commence work immediately at the Petrova studio on the fifth of her special screen productions. The forthcoming vehicle in which Mme. Petrova is to appear is especially noted because of the prominence of the author and the unprecedented price paid for the screen rights. "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times" is the title of the fifth production, which is a picturization of the celebrated novel by the same name.

* * *

In the third Liberty Loan it is promised that the motion picture industry will play a far more important part than in previous drives. Every motion picture theatre in the country is in line for the third drive.

Seventeen thousand five hundred trailers have been prepared. These trailers run fifty feet, and each film opens with the new Liberty Loan flag, followed by a view of Secretary McAdoo at his desk writing a message to the people about the new loan. A close-up of the message reads.

"We must support our gallant sailors and soldiers. We must make them swift victors in their fight with the Kaiser. We can do it if we, at home, do our duty with the same quality of patriotism that animates our men in the trenches. The least duty we can perform—and should be eager and happy to perform it—is to lend our money, every available dollar we have and can save, to our Government in order that our gallant soldiers may be supplied with all they need to save America. No true patriot will fail to buy United States Liberty bonds.

"Wm. G. McAdoo."

This is followed by a close-up of the Liberty Loan button, which concludes the film.

With this film there will be distributed 100,000 posters, five to each theatre and twenty to each exchange.

Adolph Zukor, chairman of the committee appointed by the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry to co-operate with the Treasury Department of the Government, said:

"Making this announcement, I personally wish to urge exhibitors everywhere to put this material to the best use, running the films at every show, not merely as a trailer, but separate and apart from any other film, thus giving it added distinction.

"These films are presented to the exhibitors and may be kept by those who receive them. As a result of concerted action on the part of exhibitors, the power of the screen will be used in one gigantic thrust.

"The 'Big Push' is now on way, with Great Britain holding own, and it is up to everyone in moving picture industry to lend shoulder to the 'Big Push,' wh starts April 6, and which will m more power behind that wa which must lay the Kaiser low."

* * *

Select Pictures has added anot to its constantly growing list screen adaptations of stage s cesses, by acquiring the film rig to "A Pair of Silk Stockings." C Harcourt's well-remembered com hit as a starring vehicle for C stance Talmadge.

Work on the scenario is proce ing rapidly, and the actual film of the comedy will probably foll that of "Good Night, Paul!" which Miss Talmadge is now gaged in Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scenes in the wild precincts Elysian Park, Los Angeles, w made for "Old Wives for Ne C. B. De Mille's new Artcr special, last week. This location fords some of the most exqui scenery in the entire Southland. new picture is reported to be p gressing splendidly, and Mr. De M is enthusiastic over the possibili of the story by David Graham P lips, from which the scenario been made by Jeanie Macpherson

* * *

The April releases of the F Films Corporation included t Standard Plays, four Special F tures, two Mutt and Jeff anima cartoons and one Sunshine Com

Of the Standard Plays, "The S of Buddha" is a Theda Bara Su Production, written by Miss B herself and featuring her as a h caste Indian girl. The star is f shown as a sacred dancer sworn the worship of Buddha. But falls in love with a British offi is cursed by the High Priest, later is struck down on a Paris c cert stage just as she is enter upon a promising stage career. adventures lead her through the life of Paris, and she is given m opportunities by her weird rôle run the gamut of emotional acti The picture was directed by J. G don Edwards.

Jewel Carmen, in "The Bride Fear," a Fox Special Feature, p trays the part of a young girl, couraged in her attempt to mak way for herself in a great city, v is saved from suicide by a crook.

"American Buds" features J and Katherine Lee in a roma drama in which the two children seen as inmates of a poor farm.

Tom Mix has a comedy in "W ern Blood." The play is said to something quite different from w Mix has been accustomed to ap in because it features him and cowpuncher friends in dress s The story was written by Tom himself and the acting was dire by Lynn Reynolds.

A glimpse of William Fox's spectacle drama "Salome," a Theda Bara super-production, directed by J. Gordon Edwards

As Mabel Norman appears in "Joan of Plattsburg," produced by Goldwyn

Harold Lockwood trying to carry Viola Dana away, but not without serious and pointed objections of Bert Lytell

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK" VIA THE PICTURE SCREEN

HAVE you ever fallen "Out of step"?

Have you paused suddenly in the midst of a busy and successful career and watched the procession go by unmindful of you, and wondered why?

* * *

Have you felt the pangs of neglect—indifference—on the part of the very people to whom you were once indebted for applause and approbation?

Have you, then, suddenly picked up again, at a time when most men figure they should be ready to retire on a competence—picked up like an engine on a high-speed car, and sped up the hill of progress to the castle of Success, by a new road, akin to the old, however, and once more felt beneath your feet the solid pavement where before there had been shifting sands?

* * *

If you have had an experience like this you will be able to appreciate just how and what Melbourne MacDowell feels; know how grateful he must be to the new art that has given him a return check, and to the man who has aided him in finding this avenue of hope.

The man is Thomas H. Ince, producer of Paramount pictures, who has been responsible for the success of many a new adventurer in the Land of Makebelieve and who has also helped those who had strayed from the path temporarily to regain their foothold and win new encomiums from the public.

* * *

To-day, Melbourne MacDowell, who sprang into film prominence with almost startling suddenness by his acting in "The Flame of the Yukon," produced by Mr. Ince, is rapidly approaching a topmost position in the ladder of screen success—a position he held for many years in the legitimate drama.

* * *

Since his first film appearance, Mr. MacDowell has been seen in a number of Paramount pictures from the Ince plant, including "The Keys of the Righteous," with Enid Bennett; "Flare-up Sal," "Love Letters," "Tyrant Fear" and "Love Me," with Dorothy Dalton; "Playing the Game," with Charles Ray; "Wolves of the Rail," with Wm. S. Hart, and is also in the cast of Enid Bennett's new circus film, "The Greatest Show on Earth."

* * *

In every instance he has betrayed a skill, a finesse, a wonderful, almost unlimited knowledge of screen work, that has enabled him to make even a minor rôle stand out strongly. And in each succeeding picture he is found to have a more important part—the time when he will dominate a production does not seem far distant.

* * *

Yet, this is the man who got out of step—just why it would be hard to say. But, perhaps, it is because he belongs to the ranks of that fast fading army of robust, tragic actors, who in their day held the citadel of dramatic art against all comers, but who were crowded out by the influx of new plays, new players and the advent of new modes in the spoken drama, the lighter, more intricate type of plays where the actor of the old school seemed to have little place.

* * *

The pictures, from their great variety, afford opportunities unlimited to every class and kind of actor—if he is a good actor and is adaptable to the screen. And MacDowell is both. By virtue of the fact that they depend on action rather than the spoken word picture plays tend toward the actual drama rather than the fluffier variety of entertainment. Though, of course, the comedy has its place on the screen as on the stage. But the new generation is seeing the things their parents saw on the stage by medium of the cinema. The classics are revived, the great nobles are reproduced, melodrama and psychological drama go hand in hand—so there is material for everyone.

* * *

It is a new line for Melbourne MacDowell, but he has made good in it already and soon he will prove that the old story of the impossibility of teaching an old dog new tricks is a fallacy and at the same time show that one is never too old to learn.

* * *

Nor is it the wish to imply by this that MacDowell is a centenarian, or anything like it. He is indeed in his prime, robust, strong, virile, full of ambition—seemingly no less than in the days when he played with Fanny Davenport, whom he afterward ma ried.

And he likes pictures. He realiz too, that in Thomas H. Ince he h found a man with an inexhaustib knowledge of their mysteries, a m who has also had experience in t legitimate and realizes what t transition means after years up the stage.

* * *

MacDowell was a very young m when Fanny Davenport, the lament tragedy queen, found him in N York playing in the theatres the and engaged him as her leadi man. In "La Tosca," "Fedor "Cleopatra" and countless others the Sardou plays and the Sard school, he played opposite t woman he later married, and wi whom he enjoyed seventeen yea of wedded bliss till she was chos for a higher rôle in a differe sphere.

She aided him, built speeches f him into the plays and gave him t prominence of a star, and he r members her with the tenderest fe ings, and almost a reverence.

* * *

"How people did love Fan Davenport," he said the other d "And how, to-day, they love her memory. Every time I think motion pictures I think how wo derful it would be if her work co have been recorded on the scre But she died before the days of t silent drama. She had scarcely se an automobile—but people rememb her and are constantly writing for her photograph or some lit souvenir. I know it would ma her happy to be thus remember and so I send the photographs the hundreds—even to-day."

* * *

Mr. MacDowell asserts that M Davenport's death was due to h desire to avoid growing stout. S took the nostrums of the doct until she was internally injured such an extent that when she f ill nothing could be done for her

* * *

There are many who recall a the splendid work of MacDowell the old days of the stage and w welcome again his splendid prese in the dramas of the screen.

Melbourne MacDowell with Charles Ray in his latest photoplay "Playing the Game"

Clara Kimball Young in a scene from Eleanor Glynn's "The Reason Why," her next release

Ann Murdock who has helped make the Mutual Empire Star Corporation popular

Gladys Leslie, Vitagraph star—a basket-full

May Allison, the original Vanity in "Everywoman," is now a screen star in her own right

Do Your Bit To Keep the Home Fires Burning

We urge all clubs, universities, colleges, churches, schools, etc. to do everything possible to promote wholesome theatrical entertainment in this dark hour, so men and women may be taken out of themselves and spiritually refreshed. In order to encourage all such efforts, we are about to create a new department devoted to

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

We shall be pleased to give space to all meritorious productions of this nature. Who were the players? How did they acquit themselves? How were they received? These questions we are ready to answer. Send us good photographs and scenes from the plays you present. They will be reproduced in the same artistic manner that has made the *Theatre Magazine* so popular.

There is throughout this great country of ours much latent talent. Hidden away in every town and village are potential musicians, actors and singers of both sexes who, if only afforded an opportunity, might one day win fame on the metropolitan stage.

Do not hesitate to call our attention to any who you consider worthy. If you are in need of advice regarding any particular play or musical comedy, write to us. We will give you all the information you require.

We will put you in touch with reliable firms who can furnish anything you may require—scenery, costumes, wigs—in a word, we can supply a complete production, all except the audience.

Do not hesitate to write. Our services are entirely free and yours for the asking.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE
Amateur Theatrical Department

The above announcement published in our last issue has already created a large amount of interest, as the following letters will prove:

Gentlemen:
I commmend you most heartily upon the addition to your interesting magazine of recognition of amateur theatricals by the introduction of an Amateur Theatrical Department. It should prove enlightening, helpful, and fulfills I think a long-felt want.
I have taken your magazine for many years and I revel in the many improvements which you are making from time to time. I wish you continued success.
Yours very truly,
BOYD MARTIN, *Dramatic Editor,*
The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen:
I read with interest your announcement in the April THEATRE regarding amateur theatricals.
Assuring you that I will greatly appreciate them—and that I am one of many who will appreciate the THEATRE MAGAZINE'S helpful and patriotic offer, I am,
Very truly yours,
DONALD STERLING, Meshoppen, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
Thanks to your magazine, Silliman has been able to present satisfactory Shakespearean plays.
CHARLES E. SMITH, Silliman Institute,
Dumaguete, P. I.

Gentlemen:
I read with much interest the announcement of the new Amateur Theatrical Department in the current issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and I hasten to make use of your gracious offer of assistance in the staging of amateur productions.
Trusting you can be of assistance to me and thanking you in advance of this excellent new department, I am,
Yours very truly,
MRS. VIRGINIA YEAMANS,
Instructor of Dramatic Art,
Peabody High School, Pittsburg, Pa.

Gentlemen:
It was with great interest I read your announcement in the April, 1918 number of THE THEATRE of the forthcoming Amateur Theatrical Department to be established. We're not an incoherently stage-struck youth or beauty, but a college graduate with a modicum of brains, at present acting as a University instructor in English, with a deep love for the stage, an intense ambition and a capacity for hard work. Now what can we do about it? You know the Bible says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Please, dear editors, do not make it possible for us to begin to doubt!
Sincerely yours, CHRISTINE HOPKINS,
The Strollers,
State University of Kentucky,
Lexington, Ky.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW Y(

"Meet Your Uncle Sam—

"HE'S got a bagful of the best securities on earth—and he stands behind them. He's putting these fighting bonds into the homes of our folks from Maine to California. Why, man, this is the chance of a lifetime—to help this grand old country, and to lay something by for that little house on the hill you have been dreaming about.

"Honest goods? Believe me, there never were such goods.

"What! You were looking everywhere for just this chance? Fine! Open the bag, Uncle! He's one of us. He'll take a dozen!"

LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
Second Federal Reserve District
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Meet Your Uncle Sam

at any bank or bond booth, and get into the fight—and get in big!

THIS PAGE IS CONTRIBUTED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

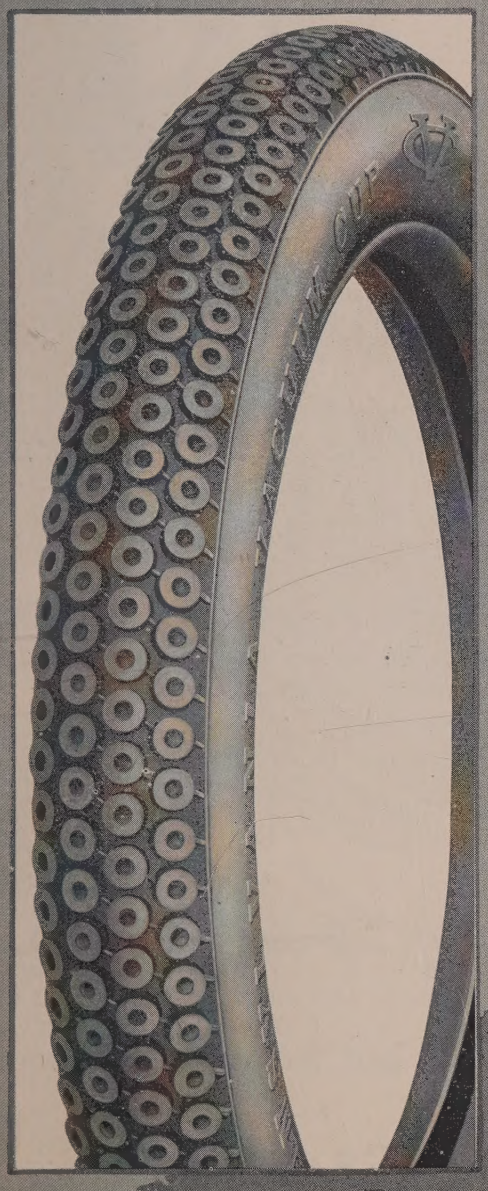
ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM

WITH THE FRUITY FLAVOR

MARION DAVIES, the musical comedy Star, says: "All of California's Fruits combined could not be more delightful than the flavor of Adams California Fruit Gum. It is delicious."

Marion Davies

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP TIRES



ON cars whose equipment is in keeping with the high quality and individuality standards of the cars themselves, Vacuum Cup Tires are largely a matter of course.

The skid-preventing action of the Vacuum Cups gives a definite assurance of riding safety on wet, slippery pavements.

To this feature add the mileage service of *6,000 miles* for which Vacuum Cup Tires are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag—and you get the clearest perception of why Vacuum Cup Tires are the unchanging choice of owners of better cars.

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Fascinating new designs in "Onyx" Silk Hosiery for Summer are certain to delight you—at your favorite shop

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Sole owners of "Onyx" and wholesale distributors

A.—Boudoir Coat of gros de Londres, in rose, blue, or orchid; trimmed with ruffles of the silk, silk roses and silk fringe. $19.50

Separate Slip of pink chiffon, combined with lace, ribbon and silk rosebuds. $24.00

B.—Negligee of crepe de Chine, in pink, blue or peach; trimmed with lace ruffles and rosebuds. $11.50

C.—Two-piece Negligée, consisting of Coat of pink or blue chiffon, trimmed with cream lace; and slip of panne crepe, embellished with embroidery. Complete, $38.00

D.—Two-piece Negligée, consisting of Coat of chiffon, in orchid, rose or French blue, combined with cream lace; and Slip of Georgia crepe, combined with cream lace, ribbon and rosebuds. Complete, $32.00

Boudoir Cap of lace, trimmed with floral wreath and a bow of pink or blue ribbon. $2.90

E.—Slip-over House Dress of panne crepe, in pink, blue or rose, with decoration of embroidery. A very new and smart model, especially suitable for travel use. It may be obtained, to special order, in black, navy blue or plum color. $25.50

B. Altman & Co.

MADISON AVENUE—FIFTH AVENUE
THIRTY-FOURTH AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREETS, NEW YORK

Mail Order Literature mailed on request

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

The amusements of a people are an essential part of their efficiency. In war time the horror of real life presses upon us and against this we need the spiritual elixir of the theatre and the revivifying touch of the world of fancy.

—Dr. Frank Crane.

THE AMATEUR DEPARTMENT will make its first appearance in the September issue of the Theatre Magazine.

And in this department we shall be pleased to give space to all meritorious amateur productions. Send good photographs and scenes from the plays given by your club, school or church, and if they are sufficiently interesting, they will be reproduced in the same artistic manner that has made the Theatre Magazine so popular.

SO many interesting letters have come to us in response to recent announcements that we are encouraged to believe this new feature will be highly popular with our readers. In fact we are amazed at the widespread interest in amateur theatricals, evidenced by the letters that have poured in to us from all over the country.

Churches, schools, clubs and colleges have sent photographs, press notices, and other material showing what they have accomplished, in some cases, under handicaps sufficient to discourage the most experienced players—and their work is ambitious too. As one writer tells us: "The ambitions of our club are limited only to the enthusiasms of youth—anything from the Greeks and Shakespeare, to Shaw and Dunsany, may appear on our programs!"

When You Produce An Amateur Play

Write us your needs and we will be glad to put you in touch with reliable firms who can furnish you with play manuscripts, scenery, costumes, wigs and anything you may require. In a word, we can supply a complete production—all except the audience.

Interesting Letters from Amateurs

In a recent issue of your fine magazine you invite contributions relating to amateur dramatic work, and I am venturing to presume upon your generosity. Under separate cover I am sending some photos, press notices and a program of an amateur production that has caused no little comment in this vicinity because of its excellence. .....I hope you will pardon my presumption in this matter. Your invitation was so kindly expressed that I could not resist. Such notice as you can give our poor efforts will be of great encouragement to us in the struggle toward the better things in dramatic literature and art.

Rev. William McDermott,
Evansville, Wis.

* * *

The members of our college dramatic club have read with much interest the announcement of the new Amateur Theatrical Department to be established in The Theatre. In the past the cuts and special articles published in your magazine have been of real assistance to us in staging our plays and we are certain that the new department will be even more helpful. Our college is a Reserve Officers' Training School and all female rôles in our plays are taken by cadets. Under separate cover we are sending you some photographs and scenes from plays recently staged at the college. Thanking you for the assistance The Theatre has already afforded us and with every wish for success in your new department.

I. J. Semper, Director,
Dubuque College
Dubuque, Iowa.

* * *

Relying on your well-known courtesy and interest, I am presuming to take advantage of same in the following request: A clever little group of amateur players are endeavoring to awake small town interest in the oversea affairs. Several among their number in this place have gone to war—yet realization is slow in dawning upon them that all of our country is staking—tremendously—upon the outcome of the great struggle. These players are looking for a play on the style of "Lilac Time." Could this be procured for amateur reproduction for a Red Cross Benefit?

H. L. O'Leary,
New Bedford, Mass.

Do not hesitate to write. Our services are free and yours for the asking, but please enclose a three-cent stamp for reply. Address all communications to the Amateur Theatrical Department, Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York.